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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

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SEPTEMBER 1921

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	Sidney Dark
	Wilfrid Thorley
Turgenev	M. P. Willcocks
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The Happiest Man	Rogelio Buendia
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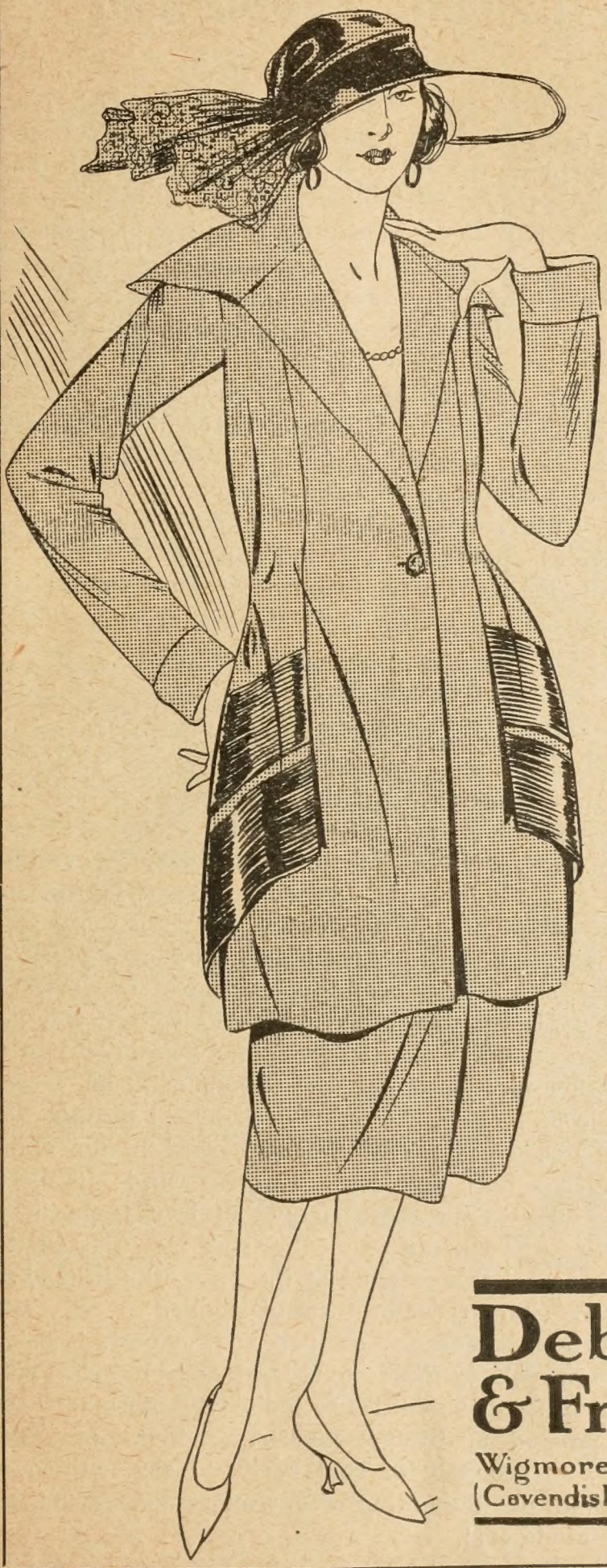

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¶ A good dinner deserves a good cigar; a bad dinner needs one. This is aptly said, and few of our readers are likely to dispute the statement. The trouble in these days is to find a really good cigar at a reasonable price. It is not everybody who can afford to spend half-a-crown or even half that amount on rounding off a meal, and many of those who might do so are wishful of practising economies. Here it is that the Criterion brand fills the bill. In appearance, size, and style it challenges comparison with any of the most expensive cigars, while its choice flavour and exquisite coolness and satisfying character only need to be tried to be appreciated. They are sold in cedar-wood cabinet boxes of 25, 50, and 100 by most tobacconists, who will also supply samples of five of the No. 2 and No. 3 sizes for 3s. The samples are just by way of introduction. They will inevitably lead to the purchase of a box which is distinctive in appearance and indicates the merit of its contents. The Criterion cigar is the favourite of many smokers of discernment, and its sterling quality and value are becoming daily better known.

A Question of Economy

¶ According to the *Municipal Engineering and Sanitary Record* of July 14th, the coal shortage had, during the recent strike, a "curious result" in Barnstaple, though, as a matter of fact, the conditions there were not unique. "Appeals for economy in gas consumption," we read, "were made to the residents; nevertheless, the quantity of gas during the past quarter exceeded that of the corresponding period of any previous year. It is suggested that gas cookers took the place of coal fires (coal ranges are presumably meant), so while less coal was consumed in domestic grates, more coal was utilised in the gasworks to produce the extra gas. Where, therefore, did the economy come in?"

The answer to this question is that the economy in such a case is twofold. In the first place, 3 tons of coal passed through the gasworks do the effective work of 4 tons burned in the crude state in open ranges or open fireplaces. In other words, by using gas the consumer obtains the same amount of heat from three-fourths the quantity of coal, not to mention the fact that all the by-products (such as coke) are saved at the gasworks instead of disappearing up the chimney in the form of smoke.

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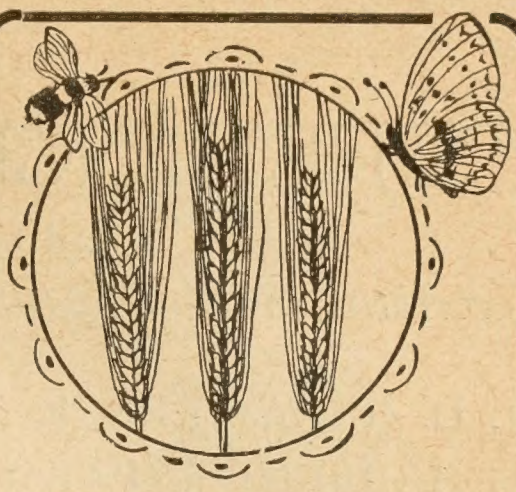

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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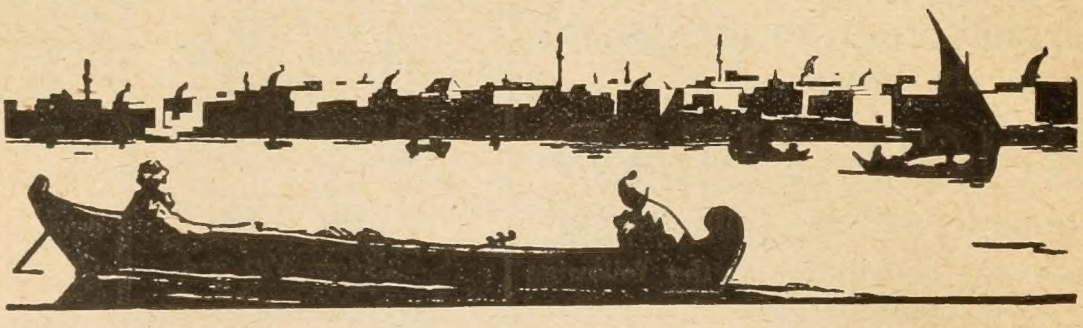

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ANOMALIES

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE BUBBLES OF THE DEEP

The world is full of anomalies which serve to make it interesting, irritating, alluring, and infuriating.

A decade ago one could meander through life knowing without inquiry the exact price of food and shelter. There existed then in England the highest standard of commercial morality in the world. Honesty was not merely a principle but a code. Now Honesty is a stranger and Avarice rules in its place. And when Honesty appears it is in the garb of humility, as if apologising for its foolishness.

And so prices vary amazingly and are controlled usually by one doctrine: exaction to the extent of the victim's capacity, with no sense of proportion in values or in costs. Let me give a few anomalies which I have personally experienced.

A charmingly furnished cottage with ten rooms and garage on the beach in Sussex costs me £5 5s. per week, but my room at a hotel in the West End, inartistically furnished and without bathroom, costs me 30/- a night, or £10 10s. a week.

But my affection for the simple life is disturbed by the fact that while soles can be purchased at 1/2 per pound in town, when I buy the fish alive from the boat the fisherman charges me 2/- per pound. And fresh butter which is sold at 1/8 per pound in London, costs 3/- when purchased from the farm near by. Still! I get a little back on wine, for the local merchant, deploring the bad times, pussyfootism, livers, and the Liquor Control Board, offers me Moët 1911 at 12/6 a bottle, while the Restaurants continue to charge 30/- or 35/-.

Returning to town, I am again bemused to understand why I am charged 7/6 or 8/6 for lunch and about 21/- for a precisely similar meal ordered *à la carte* at dinner. (Ex, of course, liquid refreshments, which is where the real profit—and shock—come in.)

Little pleasantries, such as smoked salmon at 5/- a shave, and dismembered grape-fruit with an innocuous shiver of maraschino at 2/6 a half, add, of course, to the gaiety of the banquet. Even though grape-fruit can be bought from the greengrocer at 8d. per two halves. These anomalies do inspire an outraged snort if one is dining with a man, and a pose of munificent oblivion if one is entertaining a lady.

But there is one bright spot in the arid West. At the Embassy Club, Luigi, the Epicurious wizard, entices the delicate appetite with a charming lunch at the virtuous charge of 7/6, and, within the flight of an arrow, at one of the most famous hotels in the world, one finds the antithesis, plus margarine and foreign meat—which is inexcusable, enraging and disastrous in policy.

* * * * * * * * *

Virtue is, on rare occasions, appreciated. And since, despite the universal slump, my house has made more suits in 1921 than in 1920, it is evident that the buying public is the best criterion of value. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d. Overcoats from £8 8s.

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1921.

The Revolutionary

By D. H. Lawrence

Look at them standing there in authority,
The pale-faces.
As if it could have any effect any more.

Pale-face authority,
Caryatids
Pillars of white bronze standing rigid, lest the skies fall.

What a job they've got to keep it up.
Their poor, idealist foreheads naked capitals
To the entablature of clouded heaven.

When the skies are going to fall, fall they will
In a great chute and rush of débâcle downwards.

Oh and I wish the high and super-Gothic heavens would
come down now,
The heavens above, that we yearn to and aspire to.

I do not yearn, nor aspire, for I am a blind Samson.
And what is daylight to me that I should look skyward?

Only I grope among you, pale-faces, caryatids, as among
a forest of pillars that hold up the dome of high ideal
heaven
Which is my prison.
And all these human pillars of loftiness, going stiff,
metallic-stunned with the weight of their responsibility,
I stumble against them.
Stumbling-blocks, painful ones.

To keep on holding up this ideal civilisation
Must be excruciating: unless you stiffen into metal, when it is easier to stand stock rigid than to move.

This is why I tug at them, with my arm round their waist,
The human pillars.
They are not stronger than I am, blind Samson.
The house sways.

I shall be so glad when it comes down,
I am so tired of the limitations of their infinite,
I am so sick of the pretensions of the Spirit,
I am so weary of pale-face importance.

Am I not blind, at the round-turning mill?
Then why should I fear their pale faces?
Or love the effulgence of their holy light,
The sun of their righteousness?

To me, all faces are dark,
All lips are dusky and valved.

Save your lips, oh pale-faces,
Which are slips of metal
Like slits in an automatic-machine, you columns of give-and-take.

To me, the earth rolls ponderously, superbly,
Coming my way without forethought or afterthought.
To me, men's footfalls fall with a dull, soft rumble, ominous and lovely,
Coming my way.

But not your foot-falls, pale-faces.
They are a-clicketing bits of disjointed metal
Working in motion.

To me, men are palpable, invisible nearnesses in the dark
Sending out magnetic vibrations of warning, pitch-dark throbs of invitation.

But you, pale-faces,
You are painful, harsh-surfaced pillars that give off nothing
except rigidity,
And I jut against you if I try to move, for you are every-
where, and I am blind,
Sightless among all your visuality,
You staring Caryatids.

See if I don't bring you down, and all your high opinion
And all your ponderous roofed-in erection of right and
wrong,
Your particular heavens,
With a smash.

See if your skies aren't falling!
And my head, at least, is thick enough to stand it, the
smash.

See if I don't move under a dark and nude, vast heaven
When your world is in ruins under your fallen skies,
Caryatids, pale-faces.
See if I am not lord of the dark and moving hosts
Before I die.

The Wolf Knight

By Herbert E. Palmer

Now am I fearful of Prosperity,
And tremble at the widening of the ways;
I have shown courage in Adversity,
I have been valiant in the barren days.

For though my mouth has ofttimes whined, and anger
At my besmirched estate restrained my blade,
I have not trembled at the battle's clangour,
My armour glittered; I was undismayed.

And though my cheek has chilled with devil's pallor
My feet still held, I still was Heaven's slave;
And should *He* spurn me—in some blue Valhalla
The Northern gods will feast me with the brave.

And though my arm has ofttimes shattered gladness,
Tortured the childish—I have struck in rage.
Distraught, I've wrought my own soul bitterer sadness
Than ever I gave, or weeping can assuage.

For in this welter of the crazed and dying
My mind has striven confused, oft erred. Alack!
I have paltered, scattered venom, mocked the sighing,
And stabbed a thoughtless comrade in the back.

And knew me too late;—strangled my grief, and blundered
Over foe and wondering friend; cursed both—and hewed.
The cannon of God behind me clanged and thundered;
And I struck for Him—*and* the Fiend; then whiningly rued;

And knew the gules on my glamorous shield, for ever—
The red fangs under the staff and the harp of gold,
The sinuous, grinding jaws that draw back never,
And the heart that flies to the shaws and the caves of old.

So am I fearful of Prosperity,
And tremble at the widening of the ways.
I am sore harshened in Adversity;
And I am wolfish, and too lean for praise.

To the Woman Who Gave Me Back My Soul

By Sidney Dark

Fate seemed to have prepared for me
A banal ending to a banal play.
The dreams and hopes that filled my soul at twenty,
Were but a memory, dim and far away.
I grew content with empty nothingness,
Spending my days sans hope, sans dreaming, and sans God,
Recalling with mean smiles, the hard-edged stones
On the ascending path I might have trod.

Thick curtains, woven on the looms of hell,
Covered the windows of my arid soul,
That not a single quickening sunlight ray
Into the dry dead silence ever stole.
For a mere whispered devil's pledge
Of easy peace and laughter through my days,
I had surrendered all myself to him
Who promises men much and never pays.

And in my piteous poverty, I danced
To the loud measures of the world's shrill fife,
And at its feastings and its merriment
Almost forgot that living might be life.
Almost—but God ever remains persistent,
He did not call to me in thund'rous roll,
But I could often hear His fingers tap
Upon the curtained windows of my soul.

Then, dear, you came to me and held my hand.
And in your sweet eyes' sheen
I saw the picture of the man
I might have been.
Bitter regret and sorrow held me till I heard
You bid me raise my head and see
Another picture, painted in your eyes,
Of him that, with hard striving, I might be.

Man has the gift of life from the deep mystery of a woman's pain,
And by a woman's faith and eager love, a weary man may find his soul again.

Sea-Daring

By Wilfrid Thorley

I SOMETIMES see myself as divers do
A drowned man dimly lying under swift
Shoal-hurried waters where the rollers lift
Their league-borne burthens of the marbled blue.
Shy rievers mark his doom-bed for the clue
Of laggard flotsam, in their heartless thrift
Untroubled by the roaring tempest-drift
That to his sail the daft sea-darer drew.

Yet out I steer where the green eddy writhes
About the bell-buoy and the sea-gulls hoarse
Cut the ribbed cloud with their two-bladed scythes,
And still must on (so hard my passion whips)
Till sudden shipwreck stay my headlong course
And I am wolfish, and too lean for praise.

Turgenev

By M. P. Willcocks

It is difficult to realise that Thackeray and Turgenev were contemporaries, although there was in the cosmopolitan habits of both men a certain kinship, as well as a similarity in their origins, since the county flavour of the Thackeray family can be set over against the boyar ancestry of the Russian. In temper and outlook, however, the gulf between the two giants is deep, for in Thackeray it was the city that fed his genius and in Turgenev the steppe. One cared pre-eminently for manners and seems now to belong to a bygone age, while the other cared only for the essential quality of character, and that persists. Turgenev is consequently one of ourselves, but Thackeray's people make us smile at their mannerisms: they are quaint.

Great genius, like nonentity, escapes the attempt to realise it, for the greatest artists are so catholic in their appeal that their own personalities remain hidden, or can only be detected, as we detect the working of a natural force, by the effects produced. Shakespear and Turgenev are alike in this respect, or would be if Turgenev had not left us the *Sportsman's Sketches*. These naïve and delicate offshoots of his early power reveal more of himself than do any of his finished masterpieces; without them Ivan Turgenev would be almost as elusive as William Shakespear. But the unnamed Sportsman of the *Sketches* is a personality, though he is busy, not with himself, but with the boyars and their agents, with the peasants, serfs, and huntsmen of the scattered villages and lonely manor-houses of the steppes. First and foremost, it is clear that Turgenev is equally at home with peasant as with boyar: that not only is the secret of every heart open to his observation, but that every tongue wags freely with him. Wherever he goes Turgenev is at home with the company; among the people in the wayside inn, when Yakov the Turk sang, it was Turgenev who voiced what

all were feeling, that in his notes there was "something dear and akin to us, something of breadth and space, as though the familiar steppes were unfolding before our eyes and stretching away to endless distance." Yakov's song, with its effect of endless distance, is typical, in fact, of Turgenev's own magic, for his tales, too, are filled with the suggestion of great space. It is again to Turgenev himself that the man in the night-cap talks all night, retailing to him humiliations that must have been painful even in thought. It is Turgenev who shrinks from the fat, self-indulgent boyar when the footman is flogged for forgetting to cool the wine. It was Turgenev who wrote *Biryuk, the Wolf*, a tale of man's pity for man that epitomises his vast power of feeling with all that lives. This is more than pity, more than sympathy or indignation, it is a merging of the personality of the artist in the being of the character that suffers and agonises. Turgenev, whatever else he may be, is one who realises the consciousness of another with a personal and poignant clearness. Such a man could not be cold or cruel: nor, as an artist, could he mock at pain or stupidity. In quite simple language, an extraordinarily good man, this Turgenev.

One always feels in watching a judge sentencing a fellow man to punishment that there is something ugly in the sight, as though a frail and imperfect creature were impudently assuming the omniscience of a god. One says: The man cannot honestly do it, for how can he know the secrets of all hearts? But of all the men who have shown themselves in their work, it is Turgenev whom one could best trust in the judge's seat, and that, perhaps, because one guesses that his sentence would be—go and sin no more. One can almost hear him say it, even to the man who enjoyed "embroidered coats, wigs, canes, perfumes, eau-de-Cologne of the best sort, snuff-boxes, large pictures," and yet demanded the last farthing of debt from a starving peasant. This boyar, whose face looks "as if it were padded" with fat, lives beside the outcast whose existence nobody realised even enough to enrol him in the census.

But it is not only in the world of human values that Turgenev is the herald of modern literary art, since his power of "other-consciousness" is accompanied by a feeling for environment that is, in some respects, like Conrad's.

In *Heart of Darkness*, as in *Youth*, it is not merely man, nor man's heart, that lives: it is man's heart come to life out of the forest and out of the dazzle of tropic sunlight. Forest and sea have "come alive" at one point, in the human being. That human being is no longer a separate figure that moves against a painted screen, but something stepping into the foreground where all is alert. Between to-day and yesterday in creative art that is the difference: in Victorian work the background is but painted canvas; in modern work it is interpenetrated with the sense of life. In Turgenev the new spirit can be found: in the tale of the *Sportsman's Sketches* called *Byezhin Prairie*, where the boys lie round the fire at night on the steppe and talk of magic, the Russian country comes suddenly to life in a sound; when Lavretsky in *The House of Gentlefolk* goes to live in his ancestral manor-house, the lush growths in the neglected garden, the weeds and hemlocks, take a hand in his spiritual drama, they are a part of the urge of life that carries him towards Lisa. Nature and man's heart are here seen as one: it is no longer a case of background and foreground.

For Turgenev the barriers were down, the lines that separate man from man in social condition, as well as the higher wall of separation that seems built between Nature and humanity. It is this characteristic that gives to Turgenev's work an effect so modern and separates him more especially from Thackeray, in whom class distinctions and the differing atmospheres created by them form the central inspiration of all his work. Thackeray's novels, like Hogarth's pictures, are so many modish studies, and man is his subject, but not man as God made him. That house at Clapham, the Hermitage, where the foundations of the Newcome wealth were laid, where "the lodge-keeper was serious, and a clerk at a neighbouring chapel," where "the head gardener was a Scotch Calvinist—only occupying himself with the melons and pines provisionally, and until the end of the world," is a type of the whole series of Thackeray's social studies. Piety and Possession, the twin gods of the Victorian heaven, are here, but cut and trimmed to the City fashion in these things, as fashions were in the period when Napoleon was meeting with his Russian reverses.

It is the men of this time, as he discovers them in Russia, that Turgenev uses as material wherewith to create ideal types that are as true in our day as they were in his. He is concerned, not with fashions, but with essential man, with every kind of man, not excluding the fanatic, though that type was most alien to himself. Since to extract the essential essence of the man is his business, a serf is to Turgenev as important as a nobleman, a peasant as a scientist. Deeper than all the modes imposed from without Turgenev's genius reaches. It is this fact that makes his work so heartening, so encouraging, especially at the present time when we cannot but be dismayed at the appalling revelations of human meanness that are being made on every side. For, on the whole, what Turgenev finds in humanity is good, marvellously good in quality considering that this man is no sentimentalist but, rather, a pessimist, whose instinct it is to seek truth at any cost. Yet in almost all his characters, even in the most sinister, he finds a little sediment of gold : some mental force in evil, some spiritual cleanness in simplicity. And since Turgenev, with his penetration, finds this good in us, it is not for lesser men to despair.

This does not prevent him, however, from feeling the pessimism of destiny. His strong man, Bazarov, is swept away by a poisoned germ as carelessly as though he were but the village idiot; his Lisa, the spirit of purity, is lost to the world that sadly needed her light; his Lemm, the idealist of art, finds once only the inspiration he hungers for. These fail, not by their own weakness, but by a Nemesis they cannot escape, a Nemesis that, as Turgenev saw history, works blindly, keeping all human beings dancing at the end of a wire. The tides of chance flow against man—that is Turgenev's verdict. Whatever god there be, he certainly cares nothing for individuals, and yet, speaking over Bazarov's grave, Turgenev can write these lines: "However passionate, sinning, and rebellious the heart hidden in the tomb, the flowers growing over it peep serenely at us with their innocent eyes; they tell us not of eternal peace alone, of that great peace of indifferent nature; they tell us, too, of eternal reconciliation and of life without end." In the greatness of the sweeping tides alone is there a promise. Yet it is

just these sweeping tides that carry away the individual, stifling his weak cry with utter carelessness.

But human beauty, force, simplicity, spirituality and loving-kindness persist. To Bazarov's humble parents there is left nothing but a grave, yet on the road to it they comfort one another with mutual kindness. Something persists in human nature after every catastrophe, something essentially human and unconquerable.

It is this invincible soul in man that Turgenev lays bare, and that with a simplicity which marks him as intensely modern. For the effort of modern art is to strip, not clothe, to pierce to the heart of the thing depicted, and leave that bare beating heart as the true symbol of greatness. It is the power to do this that makes Turgenev the master spirit of modern literature. Even Shakespear, of whom it is usual to say that he ennobled our race by the pictures he drew of it, does not always work with truth-telling simplicity. Much of the greatness of his characters is derived from the mere splendour of the expression given them. Does not the sounding eloquence of Henry the Fifth hide the historic figure of a ruthless conqueror, and do not countless readers believe that the Hamlet of exquisite irresolution is a great thinker because of his phrases? Rudin, the Russian Hamlet, who tried to make a river navigable and starved himself to do it, yet without success, lives, too, on phrases, but his creator avoids reproducing them, giving us instead the things that are not phrases—wrinkles, grey hair and tattered elbows—and a tired soul still persisting as a homeless wanderer in the quest of the ideal. There is no glamour in this Rudin, in whom we recognise some of our own best qualities, if we are humble men. With glamour Turgenev will have nothing to do: truth is his sole master.

The spectacle of the world to-day is a curious one, for probably there has never before been such a thin wall between the old view of government by brute force and the new one of government by goodwill. We feel, all of us who are sensitive, that a slight shift in the wind of instinct on the part of those governing would bring in the era of goodwill. There is on all sides an urge of desire towards something better than the horrible welter of want, coercion and hatred in which we find ourselves engulfed. Yet the wall, thin as it is, between this state of misery and madness

and a state of happiness and good sense persists. It persists mainly because our rulers remain blankly ignorant of the psychology of the emergent type of to-day.

Since the middle of the nineteenth century a new temper has been at work creating in the dispossessed—that is, in the bulk of the human race—a fresh reaction towards existence. This changed mentality is direct and authoritative, built up on a body of rationalised thought by the few, the intelligentia of every nation. But these few insensibly mould the thinking of the mass of the discontented. This changed attitude to life, the shaping genius of the next stage of history, can now be defined as discontent become scientific.

Science has taken up the slogan of the French Revolution—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—and defined its ideal. It has proved that the laws of Nature do not, as was once supposed, lead inevitably to disease, crime, want, and a poor standard of life. On the contrary, it affirms that physical life might be, here and now, freed from most of the ills that beset it as a result of poverty, ignorance and ill-will.

The temper of the scientific view of life has created a psychology different in many ways from the blind, unreasoning acquiescence of earlier times. This is the great root fact in the position of the world to-day; but because it is a fact only just emerging into action and remaining in essence still on the spiritual plane, it goes unrecognised or denied.

Now the importance of Turgenev is that he, working no doubt unconsciously as an artist, incarnated the new spirit in a figure of amazing vitality and power. That is, of course, in Bazarov in *Fathers and Children*. If we understand Bazarov we shall understand the temper that is moving below the surface of the present discontents. And this though Bazarov was given to the world as long ago as 1857.

Every age has been the expression of a formative idea: it is not until we understand the idea of an epoch that we can even begin to read what it stands for. Bazarov tells us that the new mentality of which he is the type sees everything in terms of utility. This means that the spirit of man is calling for a complete set of new values which will overturn almost all the notions in morality, in religion, and in art that have ruled the world for so long. Those who

are under the sway of these new values believe that life here on this planet might be made within a short time a happy state for most men to start with, and ultimately perhaps for all men. They believe that there are three means by which this consummation can be brought about—first, by the setting up of a system of wealth production for the enrichment of all, not for the benefit of the few who thereby are enabled to enslave the rest; second, by the utilisation of the full powers of nature, not for mutual destruction, but for mutual blessing; and third, by the control of the origins of the race by a system of birth control based on knowledge and freed from prejudice, which will ultimately eliminate the imbecile, the criminal and the lunatic. In this ideal the goal is the perfecting of life here and now: it presupposes, not rulers merely who will enforce laws, but a people who shall, individually and collectively, set themselves to the common aim. In this respect of communal responsibility the new ideal differs widely from the Victorian conception of the divine event.

This ideal is a glorious dream, and no more, at the moment, but inasmuch as the foundations of it are laid on knowledge, there is a possibility that it may not always remain a mere dream. For in small ways we have already proved that to obey Nature, neither to outrage her, nor to fight her, is to win amazing victories.

So far so good. But what is not yet realised is that to bring everything to the test of utility, to ask how it serves well-being here and now, is to banish to the lumber-room a thousand ideals that have always ruled the mind of civilised man, that he still in fact regards affectionately as the spurs which have forced him along the upward path.

These ideals take, mainly, three forms: they are racial, religious or sexual: that is, they dominate man from the cradle to the grave. In race there is the group of ideas associated with the ideal the honour of a nation. It is always this ideal, set up as a fetich, that is used at the opening of a war to lash the peoples into fever, though those who wield the lash know full well that honour is not even remotely concerned with the causes of modern war. But without the concept "honour," it would have been impossible to conceal the hideous nakedness of fact.

In religion the case is even stronger, for here the whole

fabric of delusion dealing with expiatory sacrifice, with purgatories and penances, with trinities and unities and systems of atonement has simply been built up in order to hide the foundations which Christ Himself laid down : that is, the communal sharing of the means of life as symbolised in the Lord's Supper.

In questions of sex the perversion of primitive taboos has led to results that are even more disastrous than the camouflage called national honour, or the organised hypocrisy of false Christianity. For the nations are only occasionally called upon to consider their honour, and men may, and do, constantly rise above their systems of theology, but false sexual traditions are incessantly poisoning the springs of life itself. Sex serves two purposes : the re-creation of the race by the child, as well as the health and joy of the adult human being. Nor are these two objects incompatible—to anything but purblind folly. But the sexual traditions of to-day serve neither of these two purposes. For, as is shown by the treatment meted out to the illegitimate child, it is not the well-being of the race that our sexual taboos set out to forward. Still less is it the aim of health and joy, for the prostitute and the woman condemned to celibacy are evidences to the contrary. No, sex, like nationalism, like religion, is to-day ruled by a set of ideals so de-rationalised that it is difficult to anyone but the anthropologist to realise how they came into existence at all. Yet so powerful are these traditions that even at this moment such a moderate and rational demand as that which asks that the man and woman who cannot live together happily should be allowed to separate with dignity is greeted with horror by thousands of good people who, plainly, have never yet asked themselves what end sex was obviously meant by Nature to serve.

For a Bazarov these prejudices do not exist. Neither do they exist for the mentality of to-day that is bent on getting down to the essentials of life. To the casting off of sentimentalism the race is in fact being driven by the destruction that is coming on it as a result of its orgy of crooked thinking. For as a race the white man is threatened with the fate of universal suicide if he persists in pursuing his national honour; in religion, unless we learn to love our neighbour by sharing with him, nothing will, in

the end, be produced that can be distributed; and sexually, as though the other two forces were not enough, as a result of joyless, enforced union, of commercialised pleasure in place of joy, of enforced celibacy for conventional reasons, the white race is already the mere shadow of what it might be in health and power and beauty.

If we would be whole, we must free ourself from superstition. We must look fearlessly on everything and ask: *Cui bono?* Bazarov's extraordinary position is given him by the fact that this is exactly what he does—and did, as early as 1857.

There is in *Fathers and Children* a dialogue where this is put down in so many words. Here speaks Paul Petrovitch, who is of the aristocratic type that has so often tossed the world into war, but which lost its first tooth, so to say, when the duel fell out of fashion. Says Paul to Bazarov:

"Is it indeed true that you recognise no authority?"

"Why should I?" asks Bazarov, "and what ought I to recognise? You show me a reasonable thing; I admit it, and that is all."

That is indeed all, but the trouble with the world to-day is merely the accumulated result of disregarding the reasonable thing.

Again says Bazarov: "A good chemist is twenty times more useful than the best poet."

"You then believe in science only?"

"I have already had the honour of telling you that I believe in nothing. What do you mean by the word science, taken in a general sense? There are sciences, as there are trades and professions; there is no science in the meaning you give the word."

That is, abstract knowledge, knowledge that does not serve an end, is unrecognised. And even human problems have no interest for this blatant zoologist who prefers the life-story of *Dytiscus marginatus* to the history of Paul Petrovitch. Yet while he laughs at the embarrassment of Fenitchka as she brings in the chocolate, he lays down the new law of sex when he observes: "Why should she be embarrassed? She is a mother, then she is right." There is no more to be said. And so, by the simplest phrase, Turgenev pierces to the heart of the new thought.

But, by the peasant sense, this Bazarov is no better than

a buffoon, for, although the young doctor flatters himself that he knows how to talk to peasants, it is of him that one of the moujiks says: "He talked with me because his tongue itched. The masters are all the same: do they understand anything?" Below the appeal to utility in the thinker there is always a deeper depth of sense to be plumbed: it is that of the mere handworker, who has no theories at all, either of sense or nonsense. This, too, is shown by Turgenev.

It is Bazarov who sums up the new view of existence. Says he: "Nature is not a temple, but a workshop, and man is a workman there." So far it is the temple ideal that has kept man's head in the clouds and his feet stumbling in the mire, a true Johnny-Head-in-Air. With the passing of the temple ideal will pass some good things, but many bad ones, reverence among them. Accordingly Bazarov finds it absurd that a middle-aged man should play on the violoncello and has no scruple in saying that he finds it absurd. Of the beauty, Madame Odintsof, he remarks that her body would be fine on a dissecting table. Yet, after all, it is her will, not his, that drives them apart, although Bazarov saves his dignity by declaring loudly that "it is better to break stones on the highway than to let a woman get power over you, were it only with the end of her little finger." The whole romanticism of modern love, with its pedestal for the woman, he dismisses with the phrase "a man ought to be fierce." He declares that the peasant who beats his wife chooses the better part.

In Bazarov we have the incarnation of the spirit of the new world that is now finding expression in a multitude of ways, in scientific socialism, in a communistic reading of the New Testament, and finally in a general refusal to be satisfied with anything short of a full and free life, a refusal that makes short work of traditions wherever these place themselves in the path of advance. In this creation of Turgenev's we have a man definitely seated in the mean, a man set upon one matter, the satisfactory handling of this everyday life of ours, as in a workshop, not in a temple. All other worlds of endeavour are to him mere moonshine, or, to use his favourite word, romanticism.

But if in the character of Bazarov we have a portrait of the utilitarian type, it is Turgenev also who gives us an

analysis of the three other elements that are at work in society. These elements are the women, the workers, and the dreamers. For a form of social life, like a human being, is not fully developed without body, heart and brain. And in this matter of the new world, if the temper of it is the temper of Bazarov, it is to Turgenev's Lisa and Elena that we must turn for the passive and active beauty of the heart's idealism, and to Dimitri Rudin for some comprehension of the difficulty man finds in bringing the mental plane into touch with the physical, active plane, and finally, to Turgenev's peasants for some idea of the quality of the raw material from which is to be evolved the factory hand and the landworker of to-morrow. And if it seems strange that we should turn to a writer of novels for any of these things, that fact is only a proof of the water-tight compartments in which we all live mentally. For because Turgenev belongs to literature and not to politics, his masterly instinct for character that gave him insight into the future is neglected by the political thinker who might learn almost everything from him. This is a misfortune, for of the three types of character it is incumbent on us to understand, the scientists, the idealists, and the primitive workers, it is Turgenev who has the clearest vision. Beneath the clothes he sees the man; inside the body, he sees the heart and brain. This power of insight it is that makes it possible for him to paint individualised portraits that express the psychology of a whole set of people of similar make.

We can all realise the way in which birds of similar religious or political feather flock together, obeying an instinct as natural as that of a homing pigeon. But to express the essential elements of a group in the form of one character is beyond the power of any but the greatest artists. It is here that Turgenev rules as master: his people are ideal types, yet lose nothing of their individuality. His Bazarov is a rough-tongued medical student who dies because a country doctor has no means of sterilising his instruments: that is one side of Bazarov. But the other is—modern Europe in its temper of appeal to utility, in its refusal to consider anything whatever in the terms of romance. Understand Bazarov and you will understand the character of the emergent type of to-day.

But there is for the creative artist an even greater task:

it is to draw in the ideal world a being who shall express some power, some spiritual quality that in actual life can only be caught in flying glimpses. Such figures are Lisa in *A House of Gentlefolk* and Elena in *On the Eve*. Both are young girls and belong, therefore, to the class that has generally proved most baffling to the artist, for every line in portraiture here must be as delicate as the contours of a child's face. In Turgenev's Lisa it is the simplicity of a child's faith that we are shown, combined with the iron will that goes with fanaticism. For the sake of her ideal of right Lisa refuses happiness in a manner so completely childlike that we all know she has no choice but to leave her little white room with its pot-plants and sunshine for the dead monotony of the years in a nunnery. It is the simplicity of childlike will that makes of Lisa a figure unique yet typical of a whole class of human souls. Elena in *On the Eve* is utterly different: she dwells not apart in the absolute purity of a goodness whose mere existence is enough, for she is the spirit of active help that makes things better for all, from kittens up to political reformers. But Elena and Lisa together give a vision of what woman has to bring to the new world. For man, whose business it is "to be fierce," would, left alone, turn all our temples into model dwelling-houses with first-class sanitation. Too much Bazarov withers the heart.

Yet even here, even though Lisa belongs to a type that is eternal, it is significant that Turgenev makes her credible by planting her deep in the soil of old tradition. Though she is educated, in the sense that she can play the piano and speak French, all the inspiration of her life has been derived from a peasant nurse. Her judgments are those of a pious peasant woman. Elena, on the other hand, has learnt, not from a peasant woman, but from the young students, and to their thinking she brings will. It is Elena whose strength survives the death of her patriot lover and who disappears into the unknown to work for the dawn. New Europe will not be built without that strange figure of Red Rosa.

These great women of Turgenev's pages are extraordinarily peaceful, almost as peaceful, though not as stupid, as the archaic Greek faces. Though they suffer, they are not restless; pregnant, not with child, but with destiny, they enjoy the patience of the child-carrying

woman. Their will is as unswerving as that of destiny itself, but not as capricious. There is about them an elemental feeling as though they were in fact close to the secret heart of that unfolding life whose servants they are. Strangely enough, it is not in Turgenev's good women only that this kinship with the will of life makes itself felt. It is evident also in that portrait of the vampire-woman in *Torrents of Spring*. This sinister being, with her wide nostrils and bonhomie, is a peasant, too, with all the peasant rankness about her. Yet, although she debauches youth, you cannot call her fleshly. In the end she turns on the spectator the face of a hawk. Here again, as in Elena, is a curve of destiny cut by the will that uses appetite but as its tool. In this human bird of prey there is no suggestion of the human being so merged in the flesh that the woman is no more than a beautiful animal. For that one must turn to Anna Karénina, who has reached the position where the monks placed all women: she is a fair iniquity, a devil's bait. Like Vronsky's horse, she is a thing used, as Turgenev's women never are. Only one woman in Tolstoi could be placed near Lisa and Elena, and that is the outcast in *Resurrection*. Yet the difference between this prostitute and those virginal figures of Turgenev is the contrast between the man on a cross and the same man alive and at work. I, "if I be lifted up," will save and heal: this may be said of the tortured woman whom all men's passions have defiled, but Lisa and Elena are active principles, stirring the souls and brains of men. Compare in this respect the seduction scene in *Resurrection*, where the flesh speaks, with the garden scene between Lisa and her lover: here are two worlds, both of passion—one the passion of the body, the other of the soul. In one is woman, the thing used, in the other, woman the inspiration of man's soul, a transmutation of the primitive hunger, unacknowledged by the Bazarov temper yet existing in spite of it. For the will of woman, whether it is blind, insensate and of the flesh, or full of vision and of the spirit, is the strongest thing in the world. Tolstoi knew this, and hated it. Turgenev acknowledged the fact joyfully.

To grasp the mentality of the peasant is important, because the countryman is, after all, the raw material from

which city life creates the town artisan. It is, besides, on the temper of the peasant that the future stability of civilisation depends, for if the peasant refuses to feed the cities, that means the ultimate disintegration of society.

Turgenev's peasant studies present the most complete picture we possess of the Russian countryman in particular and of the whole type countryman in general. There are, of course, in his sketches traits that are specifically Russian, traits of imagination, of something like insanity as seen in very primitive peoples, but there are also characteristics that anyone who knows French or English country people would recognise at once as "country," as distinct from "town." It is, for instance, significant that the first study in the *Sportsman's Sketches* is "Hor and Kalinitch," for here are set down the two types of countrymen who are found everywhere, the calculating one of whom it is said "the Russian peasant would skin God," and the dreamer who is full of kindly, generous feeling, even for "the master," and who is content if he can keep body and soul together as long as he can share the life of the wild creatures whose shy friendliness is very like his own. Both types are found in England, though Hor, the prudent, is the commoner. He becomes in Russia a tenant farmer; in England he leads his branch of the Workers' Union. Kalinitch remains, both in Russia and England, the kind old drudge. It was an English Kalinitch who refused a few months ago to press his master for arrears in wages that were due to him under the agricultural workers' award. The master had given him £10—but owed him £70. This is the peasant who in England forbids his children to plunder the nests of the birds because they are "God's children." In Russia he is Kassyan of the *Sportsman's Sketches*, who rebukes those who take life wantonly, who says, "many they are, the wild things of the woods and the fields, and the wild things of the rivers and marshes and moors, flying on high or creeping below; and a sin it is to slay them;" and who adds, in words that recall an ancient belief handed down through immemorial ages, "blood is a holy thing! God's sun does not look upon blood; it is hidden away from the light—it is a great sin to bring blood into the light of day." The peasant character springs from the life of Nature: when

on the heights, as in *A Living Relic*, it feels even pain as a proof of the unity of all life.

The peasant it is who merges in the dreamer. And the dreamer is the foundation-stone of all Turgenev's work, the warp and woof of all his weaving. It is not Bazarov to whom he incessantly recurs, but to the Lears and Hamlets of the steppes, to the Rudins who, with their eyes fixed on the far horizon, talk endlessly from noon to grey dawn. Over against these he places those who, like Solomin in *Virgin Soil*, work at a small thing, say a factory or a creamery, pending the moment when the hour strikes for the revolution.

There is the great final touch of Turgenev's genius: for, contemporary of Thackeray as he was, he has set down on paper precisely the attitude towards existence that is ours to-day. For we are all thinking of the revolution, either denying its approach, or expecting it, either talking about it at large or getting on with our present job, like people who await the day of judgment with a bit of knitting in their hands—*pour passer le temps*.

That is how we feel, whether we desire the revolution or hate it. But that attitude of people watching for a signal is precisely the feeling that prevails throughout Turgenev's world.

The Russian genius has fired the temper of Western Europe.

How We Prepared the Zeebrugge Attack (ii)

By Eyewitness

On the 5th April, the "Hindustan" and three of the blockships left Chatham, steamed down the dreary Medway, passed Garrison Point Fort at Sheerness, and disappeared. The next day, the "Vindictive" and the remaining blockships followed.

The place where the "Hindustan" dropped her anchor and collected her queer brood round her was in a pocket, called the Swin, amid the intricate shoals and shifting sand-banks off the mouth of the Thames; it was about fifteen miles from the nearest dry land, the coast of Essex, and her only neighbour was a gigantic red tripod standing on the nearest shoal, which was topped by a small red light-house, and reminded one forcibly of one of Mr. Wells' Martian invaders.

In this out-of-the-way anchorage, the vessels from Chatham assembled to wait their occasion, defended only from submarine attack by two slender booms. The enemy must have been in complete ignorance, for he made no sign, and even his air-raiding ceased at this time. This passivity on his part was most fortunate, as even a daylight survey by a single plane might have given the whole project away, and put him on his guard, or tempted him to the obvious counter-stroke of a destroyer attack on the expedition in its nearly unprotected lair. Apart from the "Hindustan," the flotilla was in no condition to defend itself, and had orders to cut and run in the event of attack. The battleship, as guardship, maintained one twelve-inch gun turret and two nine-point-two inch guns ready night and day, and these four guns were the whole protection against surface craft; she had also two twenty-two pounders available for aerial visitors.

The afternoon of the day after her arrival, and the same day as the "Vindictive" rejoined her, two "ugly ducklings" appeared and added themselves to the assortment of craft. These were two weird-looking steamships, about the size of the Thames pleasure-steamers which ply in summer to Ramsgate and other seaside resorts, and their arrival was an unexpected event to most, as the expedition was thought complete.

On closer examination, the new arrivals proved to be the Mersey ferries, "Iris" and "Daffodil," sheathed to their top decks in steel plating, and full to the brim, so to speak, with soldiers in khaki; these khaki-clad warriors turned out to be the Fourth Battalion of Royal Marine Light Infantry, probably the finest battalion of infantry Europe has ever seen. This seems a rash assertion, but it rests on a consideration of the extreme care taken in the selection and training of the officers and men by their gallant chief, and their subsequent practical work.

It was, in effect, the battalion recently training at Higham and Shoeburyness; these men, that very morning, had jubilantly embarked at Deal for France, with the usual accompaniment of weeping wives and "waving wipes," to find their transport held up in mid-Channel and themselves transferred, bag and baggage, and brought back to English waters and planted on board His Majesty's ships "Hindustan" and "Vindictive." Here, then, was the reason for the roped-off messes and "ready-use" bedding. After discharging their human freight, the two ferry-steamers anchored near the battleship and, as is the manner of little ships in company with a big and opulent sister, began asking for supplies of provisions and stores. Presently, a collier, a drifter, a tug with a temperley lighter, and a Thames barge full of sand, arrived to complete the outfit. The sand was for the ferries, who commenced to fill bags and prepare breastworks on their, hitherto unprotected, topsides and bridges.

The reception and disposal of five hundred marines aboard the battleship proved a marvel of simplicity and good organisation. Whilst the men were fallen in on deck, the company officers went below, viewed the space available, parcelled it out among themselves, and notified their individual company sergeants of the accommodation assigned

to the company; the men were then brought down and passed straight into their appointed messes, where they were promptly served with a hot meal which the ship's cooks had in readiness; this procedure savoured of the cottage custom of buttering the feet of a new kitten to teach it its new home. After their meal and a rest, stowage for their field packs was arranged, and the bedding served out for the marines.

The officers, to the number of a dozen or more, found their way to the crowded ward-room and made themselves at home forthwith; most of them had to camp in the steerage or midshipmen's flat, where hammocks were slung for them and their valises deposited, but this was no hardship to men who had prepared to live in wet and muddy trenches.

The Lieutenant-Colonel took up his residence in the Chief-of-Staff's quarters ("Hindustan" was fitted as a flag-ship), using the day-cabin as an orderly-room, where his youthful adjutant presided over the usual office staff and orderlies with the usual litter of papers and typewriting apparatus, maps and notice-boards. The lieutenant-quartermaster introduced himself to the paymaster of the ship, and was forthwith inducted as an honorary member of the latter officer's department, to the elimination of all friction and red-tape.

Such, then, was the adaptability of the Royal Marine Corps to naval routine and conditions—a purely Army organisation would not have settled down so comfortably in a month as these men did in a few hours.

By the evening of the day of the Marines' arrival, everything of importance was settled and done.

The "Hindustan" was now well packed, as she had on board over eleven hundred men, as against her normal population of eight hundred and fifty, but at no time did the overcrowding become seriously troublesome.

Matters were not so easy on board the "Vindictive," which had received some two hundred odd of the marine contingent, and now harboured six hundred people in a less area than had previously contained four hundred and fifty, for it had been necessary to encroach on the living space in fitting various engines of warfare designed for the discomfort of "Brother Hun." Later on, this overcrowding produced undesirable results.

All pretence at concealment of the object of the expe-

dition was, of course, now at an end, but all communication with the shore had ceased except the daily beef-boat bringing fresh provisions from Chatham; her small crew had been direly cautioned, and were jealously watched whilst she lay alongside, lest anyone be tempted to try to despatch a letter through their agency. Private letters were prohibited, and routine official papers were carefully scrutinised by the paymaster before being sent off—any that might show the presence of the marines on board, or the presence of an unduly large crew, were pigeon-holed, to be released in a flood when the affair was over. This was necessary, for secrets have leaked through Government offices before this.

So, from the official point of view, the Fourth Marine Battalion was now engaged in the conflict and turmoil of France and Flanders, five or six old cruisers filled with concrete had been sent to the French Channel ports as a precautionary measure, and an old battleship had been sent out of Chatham for some purpose or other—possibly for some experiments in local defence.

The safe assembling of the "Hindustan," "Vindictive," and the flock of blockships and auxiliaries in the Swin anchorage by no means marked the end of the troubles and labours of the 2,500 odd individuals comprised in that small floating town: it merely altered the nature of the work.

A sort of dress rehearsal took place on the 8th April; as nobody knew if it was the actual departure of the attackers or not, it had to be performed thoroughly, even to the provisioning of the various parties for their prospective all-night vigil in the ferries. "Iris" and the "Daffodil" came alongside the battleship; marine and seamen storming parties were fallen in, examined for possible omissions of equipment, and marched aboard their assigned transports. Having received her quota, the "Iris" shoved off to pick up her towing cable astern of the "Vindictive," while the "Daffodil," taking a company of marines and the seamen demolition parties, proceeded to transfer the former to the crowded "Vindictive," keeping the latter, which she was to convey to the scene of action, and then fell astern to tow from the "Iris." The drifter and the tug collected from the blockships the kit-bags and other unrequired gear of their crews to bring to the battleship for keeping. The

blockships then prepared to slip their cables, which were buoyed in anticipation. All was in readiness to move.

While the last party of khaki-clad warriors were still passing over the side of the battleship, a wail from the signal-bridge was heard—"'Vindictive's' on fire!" And sure enough, to the horrified spectators the upper works of the unfortunate cruiser appeared sheeted in flame. But, even as they looked, the flame condensed into a wreath of black smoke, behind which the vessel, with her stump of a foremast and its bristling top, her three funnels and row of up-ended gang-planks, was visible riding placidly at her anchor. "Flammenwerfer trials," someone shouted, and a loud roar of laughter went up, and the transhipping went on. The "Vindictive" was fitted with huge flammenwerfer, actuated by steam from her boilers, specially designed to sweep the great battery at the end of Zeebrugge Mole; these engines had given much trouble, and were only just satisfactorily completed and fit for trial—hence the display.

Soon afterwards, the order to "stand by" was countermanded, and the various parties returned to their living quarters by a reverse process to that of the embarkation. Everybody now knew exactly what to do.

As is now generally known, the greatest difficulty in the operations contemplated against Zeebrugge was the necessity to get a suitable conjunction of time, tide, wind and weather. The time had to be late enough at night to permit approach under darkness; the tide had to be near the end of the flood to allow the "Vindictive" and the ferries to "board" the mole and remain against it, and to facilitate the placing of the blockships later; the wind needed to be towards the shore to carry the smoke-screens and not too strong, or the weather would be too boisterous for such delicate work. It had been intended to use aircraft to bomb the mole, with a view to encouraging the defenders to remain in their "dug-outs" after the heavy-gun bombardment stopped, but the low-lying clouds on the actual night prevented this.

Stated briefly, the plan was to bombard the mole steadily all evening till the fixed hour, when the "Vindictive," behind a smoke-screen, would sweep alongside and vomit storming parties over it. The "Iris" would attack

a little further on, and the "Daffodil" would land her demolition parties over the "Vindictive" and lend aid to that vessel as necessary. Separate measures were taken to isolate the mole from the land proper by the explosion of a submarine charged up with tri-nitro-toluol under the piers of a viaduct near the shore end.

When the enemy had time to ascertain that the attack was directed at the mole itself, and get busy repelling it, three of the blockships were to steal unobtrusively behind the mole and attempt the main object of the operations by sinking themselves in the entrance of the Bruges Canal, which the mole covered from direct attack. Simultaneously, the other two blockships were to project themselves directly into the Ostend entrance of the canal, some ten miles distant, and block that.

These two had the more desperate duty, as there was no diversion to distract the attention of the gunners of Ostend forts; they had to rely on secrecy and good luck.

The tide would serve for the operations any night up to the 13th of April, after which it would not again be suitable till the night of 22nd-23rd April. So the whole expedition must be, daily, ready to move if, and when, the watchers on the Belgian coast reported the other conditions likely to be favourable.

Every night, the dull rumble of the monitors' heavy guns and those of the hostile shore-batteries could be heard, and sometimes the reflections of their flashes could be seen in the sky; regular night bombardment was a deliberate prelude to the impending assault, as it served to accustom the defenders to seeing craft moving at night behind smoke-screens, a method studiously adopted by the monitors and their escorting small-craft, and its regularity would lull their suspicions of anything unusual being in the air—or, rather, on the water—until the last moment on the night of action.

(To be continued.)

The Happiest Man*

By Rogelio Buendia

DANIEL was the happiest man upon the earth. He desired the sea, and he had it; and he desired the air, and he had it; and he desired the sun, and a hundred suns were his in his universal dominions.

He was always surrounded by beautiful women and female slaves, who offered him the sweetest cordials and the gentlest kisses.

His horses were the most highly mettled and the finest; his dogs, the haughtiest and the most loyal.

All mouths praised him, and all hands blessed him. He was intensely fortunate. Never did a will oppose him, and all doors opened before him, and all intellects were dull, for his talent made him like unto a sun of irresistible brilliance.

But, for a moment, he had felt bored one day. He had never before experienced that discontent of himself and of all surrounding him. He had known a moment's tedium, and was happy nevermore.

* * * * * * *

Out of one of the windows of his thirty palaces, he looked down at the March lilies growing for him in the Garden of Lovers. And as he looked at the growing lilies, purple and white and tiger-coloured, he observed a pale maiden with eyes that were lovelier than two green stars, and whose hair was like the brightest fire in hue. She walked alone, her brow pensive, and a meaningless smile parting her lips.

Daniel called for his strongest slaves, and said:

"Bring hither yonder maid, passing by the Garden of Lovers."

And soon the maiden who had shaken the tedium of the happiest man lay swooning on the nuptial couch within the palace.

* Translated by Charlotte Remfry-Kidd.

So Daniel was happier that night than in any of the happiest days of his fortunate life.

The lukewarmest silks and the rosiest mother-o'-pearl composed that woman, whose eyes, in pain, were like great living emeralds, and whose pleading hands were fairer than the whitest lilies in the Garden of Lovers.

* * * * * * *

And so the days passed. The happiest man thought not of his suns, nor of his journeys, nor of his horses. No heart nor will had he save to love the slave he stole one afternoon, close by the Garden of Lovers.

And the days passed, but she yielded coldly to his love. Daniel might press many kisses on her mouth, yet the happiest man could not make her return him a single one.

Daniel gazed ecstatically into her eyes, seeking in them something akin to what his own expressed, yet found . . . only emeralds, nothing but emeralds . . . .

So the happiest man suffered, and suffered most cruelly.

In vain did the most inspired poets come to the foot of his couch and sing soothing *kasidas*. In vain did the most noted players on the cithera give forth their graceful music. Nothing could lessen the sadness of the happiest man.

* * * * * * *

"When shall I have your heart?"

"Never!"

So rang the word which Daniel heard from the woman so greatly loved by him.

Then the happiest man seized a strong dagger, its golden hilt studded with rubies, and, at a single stroke, cut open the breast of the maid from the Garden of Lovers.

And, passing his hand into the wound, he reached her heart and said:

"Now it is mine!"

On a Malayan Balcony

By Richard Curle

It is wonderful how fresh these tropical mornings can be. I come out on to this balcony about half-past six to eat fruit, and it reminds me of the dawn of a summer day at home. The air is cool, there is a mist upon the swamps, and the birds are twittering. The low-lying flats, dotted with occasional huts and old tin-workings, sweep wide before me to the edge of the jungle, and beyond that, again, a range of wooded hills, strangely blue and beautiful at this pellucid hour, undulates, fold within fold, against the sky. I begin to write these words at just such a time, though this morning the hills are hidden, exceptionally, by clouds and a fine rain is falling which dimples the pool of water at the foot of the garden like an evening dance of midges. Bullock carts have begun to crawl about the flats; the creaking of their wheels and the cries of the drivers are borne up here in the tinkling, thin notes of charmed distance. Far away a dog barks and everywhere the curious stir of unseen awaking life is swelling and rising. The hills are beginning to emerge; the mass of clouds has lifted, and the billowy pockets in the hollows are smoking off like forest-fires all blowing in one direction. A flock of white-headed finches has fluttered down on to the shaved grass of the lawn and waterfowl are skulking along the edge of the reeds. All is peaceful; another day has opened.

There is something in this picture, something in its mingled repose and space, that touches, as with a soft probe, a nerve of analytic consciousness. I would be content just to sit here and look out idly upon the scene, and yet as I sit, my mind grows full of half-formed thoughts which branch and merge and change. In the luxurious quiet, when the Chinese boys have retired to the back to resume their interrupted slumbers, I feel an unrest within

myself, as though every thread I wanted to follow died out in nothingness before the vast fecundity of this southern land. To select is the first difficulty of creation. That, I suppose, is why one is always attempting, with the people one meets, to "get at" them, both as individuals and as types. What fabrics of novels I see around me daily! Yet every group of persons in every part of the world will give you similar problems under different guises, and one must resolutely put aside this sort of realism for the romantic realism of an enlarged horizon. The bare truth is not convincing; even tragedy, in art, must appear noble and tremendous, whereas, in life, there is another kind of tragedy more devastating still, the tragedy not to have loved and lost but to have loved and grown cold. It is terrible to think that nothing endures for ever, that time is always at work smoothing away the recollections of the past and the dreams of youth, that even the memory of our beloved dead fades gradually into utter oblivion. Yes, it is terrible, but it is natural. How quickly, for instance, one's life comes to be almost entirely bound up with the people of one's immediate acquaintance. It must be so when one feels so many complex human tensions on every hand and is instinctively trying to unravel things as they are apart from what they appear. Such thoughts come without effort and are seductive in the way they range over many problems. But if we could only look clearly into our own minds, let alone the minds of others! I sometimes fancy that we know nothing about anybody save in so far as we know that part of ourselves and that that is why certain persons, not in the least exciting, are inscrutable, as though they dwelt on a different plane. Each of us lives, beneath the surface, another existence, contemptuous and critical of the outer man, an existence at once passionate and scoffing. At the very moment of giving oneself away, how often is one laughing maliciously at one's tormentor. Ah, these superior people, built on their little formulas, what children they are! One does meet occasionally with an armed personality, but they are scarce because sincerity of the right sort is scarce. Of the right sort. It depends what you are sincere about. People who would overturn the world for a theory, people who would steal your watch, are often quite sincere. But

in the armed personality there must exist balance and imagination and simplicity and compassion. It's an unusual mixture.

Mankind, of course, is very silly, but he's also very obscure. Most of us seem commonplace, yet the very insipidity of our conventionalism conceals cloudy depths of ancestral instincts and outlandish glints of our unshared personalities. The most elaborate character of fiction is the mere shell of a human being, and the five thousand creations of Balzac resemble, after all, so many facets of the author more than anything else. The greater the novelist the greater the individualist. One might take the characters from a dozen worthless writers and combine them in one book without any particular incongruity, but if one were to try this experiment with the true artists, the creators, that's to say, the result would be grotesque. The illusion of reality would disappear in proportion as the illusion had been powerful. But then, life is not a choice of goods, it's a choice of evils, and if we must hold on to it by illusions, by all means let us have illusions. We like to persuade ourselves that our actions are founded on reason, but, quite apart from passion and prejudice, they are much more often founded on intuition.

And intuition, false though it often be, is, no doubt, an asset of observation, a kind of reading of the aura of personality, and that is what makes these glimpses of other people come so easily and be, I repeat, so seductive. But there is, perhaps, another reason for their seductiveness. Certain ideas only lose themselves by being uttered, not because they are not real, but because they belong, so to speak, to some sense whose conclusion turns inward. Words don't explain much. Shall we be compelled at last, like the modern logicians, to seek in mathematical symbols a finer mode of expression? We all have imaginative flashes that elude us, but possibly these flashes would elude any language. Without an effort of thought we read the subtleties of a character, even to its abstruse permutations, we sum up a whole life in a wordless phrase. And that is but one rather clumsy example. For about ten years now I have had the scheme of a novel in my head; I lie awake at night, and I see it before me, the figures, the scenes, the very pulse of the atmosphere, and yet I know that if I were

to put pen to paper it would suddenly wither, as the bodies of kings thousands of years old, lying robed and splendid in their sarcophagi, wither at a breath of air. I tried it once, and I know. Is it simply that I lack capacity, or is it that nothing would ever satisfy the deeply-pondered idea? Even in the solitude of the night, surrounded by these living emanations, I almost tremble when I try to form in words a single sentence. I admit that concentrated thought is a horrible nuisance and that vagueness may give one a comfortable sense of illimitable future achievement, but surely that is not all the problem. There are four things, imagination, mentality, capacity for expression, power of work, and these four together may be useless without genius. Not that I really know what genius is, unless we assume it to be, in this sense, the rare outward manifestation of what we all possess voicelessly, but as people are fond of discussing it, why not discuss it? I can't accept the argument that where talent ceases genius begins. Genius and talent are not of the same order, though, of course, the framework of each is the same. In all the labour of genius there is something effortless, but however closely self-conscious talent can simulate genius, the soaring quality is absent from its look of strain. Genius, not being hereditary like talent, is the unique expression of man's unique gift of personality. That is why it is so thrilling; it gives a motive to life in general through the mere contemplation of attained heights. As for the misuse of the word, that is inevitable with our present emotional standards. The rarity of genius is little understood in the glib uses to which the term is put.

I spoke of my novel, that unsuspected sharer of my couch, and the thought of it brings to my mind other books I have fancied writing and probably never shall write. I once, for instance, planned out a work to be called "The Psychology of Women in their Relationships with Men," but I didn't know where it would lead me, so stopped. The title was entertaining, if nothing else. People nowadays have a mania for writing books about women, people with liberal and advanced tendencies, but I'm afraid they are too fond altogether of the "Woman Question," by which they mean only "Are Women Men in Petticoats?" Evidently it seems to worry them a great deal. However, the

interesting women are not intellectual, though they have intellect. Feminists miss the point; but then, what can you expect of people who imagine that the difference of sex is mainly physical? A wise man never tells the woman he loves all he has observed about her, and the more he loves her the more reticent will he be. There are moments when she invites such confidences, but she does not forget and one day she will make him suffer. Yes, and suffer the more in proportion as she loves him. It is very natural, and often only her way of pointing out that observation may be both accurate and blind. And men have their memories, too, but they use them rather to form a picture than to make a scene. All people who care deeply keep a mental plus and minus account. Men and women, as a class, have rootedly unfavourable ideas about one another, but as individuals—ah, that is a story on its own. Great love is like a rising tide covering obliviously the wrecks of other days and the warning rocks within the soul.

There can be no final explanation between men and women because there is no ultimate common denominator. And one reason for this is that in all love there are the seeds of jealousy. A man may be dissolute, but when he loves his whole being is fanatically bound up with one woman. Your true polygamist is a monogamist at any given instant. On the other hand, a woman may love dearly and yet be unable to deny herself the pleasure—which implies passive encouragement—of other men's admiration. The echo of the Siren's song! (Only when love, at its height, is entirely reciprocal is there no suspicion—and how often does that happen, and how long does it last?) Thus, while a man feels the positive side of jealousy, the hot and sinking pain of it, a woman knows usually but the negative side, the laceration of nerves that comes from unjust suspicions. It is a vicious circle, only to be ended by despair or marriage. Women's fear of convention (which is partial) joined to their fear of men (which is undying) keep them often silent when all is ready to be told. They know too well the fatal paradox of passion.

It is useless to deny that women are fond of playing the game of "Heads I win, and tails you lose" (which they have renamed "Heads you win, and tails I lose" without altering the rules), but though they play it with alarming

skill—I mean, the interesting ones—yet the funny thing is that they have no sooner triumphed than they are liable to hand the proceeds over to some man, who, by the way, has probably placed the pieces for the game to begin with. Women have towards the men they love—I exclude, of course, the female megalomaniac, who is a phantom of all the horrors—an infinite generosity. They may be cunning at times, they may be unscrupulous even, but their generosity outweighs all their faults and is beautiful in its selflessness. They are more stoical but less imaginative than men, and the combination of these two things enables them to end an experience with a finality men hate having to face. Now that women have more liberty they are showing in their very approximation to man in some respects, how unfathomable is the gulf that divides them from him in others. In judging them we must remember that we never have all the evidence . . . Well, never mind; the great thing is to put up a good fight. And allow me to state that you criticise most what you need most. It is the law of compensation.

Excuse these garrulous remarks. I am just letting my mind browse upon the subjects that come uppermost. Somebody has said that people would do anything rather than think. I agree. I would do anything even almost rather than write, and at this very second I have the strongest inclination to throw down my pen, lean back in my cane chair, and gaze out over the flats. I daresay I shall succumb before long; indeed, it's a very short while since I took the opportunity for a rest by watching the two dogs at breakfast on the gravel. Or rather, one was having his breakfast, a small black dog of distinguished but mixed pedigree, while the other, which resembles a fox-terrier in some lights, looked on awaiting his turn, with his nose glued to the ground between his paws and an expression of concentrated anxiety on his face. How one's thoughts wander as one takes in every detail of a scene like that. I began to think of all sorts of things, of how weak people insist on confiding in you and then never forgive you; of how annoyed your modern sinner would be at what he would call Christ's lack of psychological insight if He were to appear to him and say, "Go and sin no more"; of how the failure to remember some unessential name will give one a sort of mental tooth-

ache: of how lack of honour about money is absolutely destructive to the reality of an individual. Man is certainly a queer animal, and not a very pleasant one.

Yes, anything to stop thinking, to stop writing, to conquer time. It's not so much that writing is a labour, though, of course, it is (even a hardened feuilleton novelist once informed me that he charged 2s. 6d. extra per thousand words for "polish"), but that, though my thoughts may be clear, my pen muddles them. One runs on and on, and the end is the wastepaper basket. Moreover, my restlessness is not appeased by writing; it only evokes further images and awakens again the pain of life. Riches, power, love, these are the ruling passions of the world, and woe to him who either finds them or finds them not. But that's more like the theme of another unwritten book. The day is growing hotter and stiller, but its stillness has lost the wine-like vitality of the morning and is gross with torpor. Nature droops and the very house itself seems mournful in its immobility. It begins to be haunted for me at this hour by that friend of eighteen years who died in it a few months ago. Poor P. P., they are having a tombstone erected to him in Kuala Lumpur, and the mason has just written to say that it is ready, at the same time "soliciting further orders." I can just imagine the cold, slow smile that would break over his face. Another friend gone. He was a man without illusions on life, I mean the ordinary illusions, for most ideas on life are illusions, but of a remarkably warm and loyal heart. He concealed his feelings. Well, I shall never set eyes on him again.

Death's sting, blunted for us by the war, has sharpened in the decrease of its victims. But I'm rather glad I'm not starting life afresh. I don't want a future governed by the two extremes, by those who take a mystical view of themselves, and by the pure materialists who know precisely what they want and have no scruples. No, I don't; there wouldn't be enough humour left. They'll join hands, these two extremes, over some foolish and bloodthirsty words, and take away our liberty in order to regenerate us. The freed slave remains a slave at heart. The world certainly is in a bad way—though I gather it always has been. That's a complaint that never varies. It's odd that as we come more and more to perceive that the rounded Victorian solutions

of the scientists won't hold water, and that the further we inquire into spirit and matter, the more do they elude us, so do a lot of us tend to save mankind by the most machine-like theories, as though we were so many rabbits. But, of course, at the back of those ideas there is a kind of unself-conscious groping towards a great truth, that the world is unhappy because the world is complex. That, surely, is what Tolstoy meant when he wrote at the beginning of *Anna Karenina*, "Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way." Ah, yes, happiness is the supreme simplifier.

Utopias differ, though they are at one in assuming that everything that isn't is, of necessity, better than everything that is. But unfortunately cataclysms don't change the nature of man perceptibly, which, if more sinful than that of the angels, is decidedly less anæmic. Nobody pretends that our civilisation is anything but imperfect, but it's man's own fault because it's man's own product. Man, too, is imperfect. Why theorise on the subject of whether we would be better if we had two heads? I don't even like the idea of a Utopia, but that, I presume, will be met with the shattering remark, "Oh, I see, a reactionary." Charming word, isn't it? Reactionary—a person who differs from yourself. It doesn't frighten me a bit; words have ceased to be a bogey. But what does it all matter? The world goes on; it will outlast my time.

I have spent practically the whole day on this balcony and the evening has begun to close in. I am tired. I need the twilight, and then I need the dark, powdered sky. On my left, bordered by a rubber plantation and sprinkled about with coconut palms, is a low white bungalow roofed in terra-cotta tiles, and on my right, standing solitary on a hillock, is the house of a Chinaman. They each give me at this moment a different and a precious emotion. One is an emotion of warm felicity, and one is an emotion of aloof reserve. The passions that disturb us in the disordered and sinister web of life find no counterpoise save in peace and in philosophy. They are our only havens, and, staring now at these houses growing more mysterious in the dusk, they seem to typify for me those twin desires whose fruit is wisdom and not Dead Sea apples.

The Griffin and the Hippogriff

By Vera Birch

One morning David and the Poet went for a long walk. It was such a long walk that at last they were quite lost, for they had gone across fields and moors and gates until they reached a high road, and this they had pursued in all its twists and turns for miles and miles. And now they had no idea which way to go next.

Presently, as they wandered on, they came to cross-roads at which a signpost pointing in two opposite directions said respectively: "To the Griffin." "To the Hippogriff." While the one in front of them said: "Silly Place."

"Let's go and see the Griffin," said the Poet.

"Let's go and see the Hippogriff," said David at the same moment.

They stood irresolute.

"I hate Griffins," said David.

"Hippogriffs give me hay-fever," said the Poet.

They glared at one another. Then the Poet shrugged his shoulders.

"We shall have to separate," he said.

"All right, and we'll tell each other what happens when we meet again."

They parted, therefore, on friendly terms, and this is what occurred to each of them.

The road was very sticky and gradually disappeared altogether in a large plain of flat grey mud, which seemed to trail drearily away into eternity. Nothing could be seen besides this for miles and miles, except large round holes like those of an immense *gruyère*. Strange sounds came from underground, however, gurgles and snorts and grunts which shook the earth like a jelly. David walked stolidly on undisturbed, and waited for the Hippogriff to show herself.

After a little while there was an enormous upheaval in the mud, and a slimy-looking creature as big as an elephant struggled out of one of the holes in front of him.

"Houff," said the Hippogriff.

"Hum," said David politely, and bowed.

"Hoop," said the Hippogriff. "Are you a newspaper reporter?"

"No," said David.

"Or a photographer?"

"No," said David.

"Or a zoölogist?"

"No," said David.

The Hippogriff shook off a great slab of mud, which fell plopping to the ground.

"Then you're my prisoner," she said.

David gasped faintly; he had suddenly remembered that he was defenceless.

"Come along, or I shall eat you," said the Hippogriff amiably.

"Where?" asked David.

"Downstairs," said the Hippogriff, and pushed him through one of the holes.

He found himself in a very large kitchen full of furniture made of mud.

"You've got to begin work at once," said the Hippogriff. "The baby wants a bath. Do you hear?"

"What baby?" asked David.

"Mine, stupid! My late lamented husband left me with an only child. He died of a surfeit of muddles." She wiped away a tear.

"Muddles?" murmured David.

"Yes. Now do begin work. I've got to go and feed the pigs. I can't stand here all day."

She flew off ponderously.

David looked at the baby in dismay, for it was six or seven inches thick in black mud. It took him some time to discover any water, and the bath itself was a large mud dish, baked brown. There was no soap, and he could only find an old scrubbing brush, which looked as though it had blackened several pairs of boots. As he could see nothing else to suit his purpose he was forced to use this, and began to scrub the young Hippogriff with so much energy that

after a little while all the mud peeled off and the baby was quite white. It was too young to speak, so David was not able to make out from its grunts whether it was glad of the transformation or not.

Suddenly the Mother-Hippogriff came into the room.

"*Houff!!*" she shrieked. "You've killed my child! You've skinned it!"

"It—it—it's quite alive. I've only washed it. You told me to," gasped David. For she was so large that he was afraid of being crushed to powder.

"What! Didn't you know that Hippogriffs always had mud baths?"

"No," said David. "How could I?"

"You *have* been badly educated," raged the Hippogriff. "Here, give me the child, and go and make my bed in the next room."

David fled, only too glad to escape, but in the next room he stood aghast, for there was no bed.

Gathering up his courage as he noticed an old sack containing bones hanging up on the door-peg, he emptied its contents upon the floor, arranged it like a blanket, and placed two of the largest bones for a pillow. He was rather proud of his ingenuity and called out:

"Mrs. Hippogriff, come and look. I have made your bed!"

"Made it?" shrieked the Hippogriff, dancing with rage upon the threshold of the door. "What do you mean? You've strewn my collection of human bones all over the floor. You scoundrel! You lout! You horror!"

"I'm awfully sorry," said David, disappointed. "I've never seen a Hippogriff's bed before. And, anyway, there isn't a bed to make, so what could I do?"

"Make it, of course. Dolt!"

"But it isn't *there*!" said David, exasperated.

"How could you make it if it was already made? Sausage!" screamed the Hippogriff. "Make it of mud, of course, like any other respectable piece of furniture. Now, listen! I'm going to give you one last chance. You must cook my dinner, and if you don't know what to give me I shall eat *you*."

David sat down on the kitchen floor and meditated.

"Everything seems to be made of mud here," he said.

"Mud—mud—mud. Let's think. Ha! I know—mud pies. She's sure to like them. I wonder how many she can eat? It will have to be a lot, or she'll still be hungry enough to eat *me*!"

So he made fifteen hundred and two mud pies without stopping; then suddenly the Hippogriff came in.

"What are you doing?" she asked, turning purple.

"M-m-making m-m-mud p-p-pies for your l-luncheon," stammered David nervously.

The Hippogriff nearly burst.

"I hate mud pies," she said. "Don't you know that Hippogriffs *always* eat mud-larks except—G-r-r-r-r-r-r-oop!—when they eat *People*!"

David turned and ran.

The Hippogriff leapt after him.

"Groooooooooooo-*up*!" she gurgled. "Gug-gug-gug-gug-*op*!"

The mud squelched under David's feet. His boots were caked with it, he stuck at every step; but luckily the Hippogriff was heavier, and she stuck even more. Presently she fell into a quagmire. In scrambling out she hove up the earth under David's feet and tossed him sky-high. He landed on the soft flats above, and, struggling to his feet, started off again. The Hippogriff galloped behind him. They puffed and panted, and the Hippogriff began to get nearer and nearer and nearer, till at last she was only one yard behind. The cross-roads were just in front of them when, with an immense leap, she——

But wait. I am forgetting the Poet all this time.

The Poet, in his calm and placid way, moved along the hedged road leading to the Griffin's home. The road seemed to be very curly, and it all curled in the same way, so that, after a time, the Poet grew quite dizzy. "I believe I am going round and round in circles," he said, "and the circles are getting smaller and smaller." (Which was perfectly true.) "All the same, I think I will go on. It would be silly to turn back after coming so far."

He walked on, getting giddier and giddier as the circles reduced in size and the hedges on either side of them grew lower. Then suddenly they came to an end, and he saw in front of him a Griffin turning like a top in a small round place.

The Poet sat down and held his head.

"Oh, please stop! Do stop!" he begged. "I shall be sick."

The Griffin smiled and showed all his teeth, but he went on spinning round. So the Poet was sick.

"There!" he said, "I knew it would happen."

The Griffin paused.

"Forgive me," he said. "I had to accomplish my billionth twirl before twelve o'clock. Can you catch my tail as I go round?"

"No," said the Poet. "I should hate to. It's knobbly."

"But I'm afraid you must," said the Griffin, gently, "or I shall tear you in pieces."

"Don't be rough," groaned the Poet. "It's too hot."

The Griffin frowned.

"I'll give you two minutes to decide," he said.

The Poet rose weakly.

"Go on, then," he said with a sigh.

The Griffin began to spin, and the Poet clutched wildly at his flying tail. He only succeeded in catching a handful of dust.

After this had gone on for some time, the Griffin stopped twirling and mopped his brow with a large red pocket handkerchief.

"Try and catch my left-hand fin as I hop," he suggested brightly, as though inspired, "perhaps that's more in your line of business."

He hopped round the innermost circle in bounds that were very high and very short, and the Poet hopped after him, but he could only grasp the air, for at every spring the fin flicked twelve feet above his head.

"You *are* bad at it," said the Griffin. "Now I'm going to give you a last opportunity of distinguishing yourself. Do you see my topknot?"

"Yes," said the Poet, a little breathless from his recent exertions.

"Climb up my chest and try and touch it without falling into my mouth," said the Griffin.

"I'm awfully sorry, but I can't," said the Poet. "You see, really, if you will insist upon having seven flaming tongues——"

"You won't?" shouted the Griffin. "Then come and be eaten!"

The Poet promptly took to his heels, and, as he fled, the Griffin came twirling after him in a great whirl of dust.

"He must be making about a hundred turns a second," gasped the unhappy Poet as he ran, "I haven't a chance! I know I haven't. I'm sure I shall be sick again in another minute."

But he kept on running, and all the time the Griffin got nearer and nearer, until at last he was only three and a half feet away. Then, just as they reached the cross-roads he gave an *enormous* leap, and——Bang ! ! !

David and the Poet fell flat upon their faces on the road.

"The world's burst," said David, sitting up.

"No, it hasn't," shouted the Poet. "It's the Griffin——"

"And the Hippogriff——"

"They've collided!!"

"*Hurrah!*"

"HURRAY! !"

"HOOROOSH ! ! !"

The Griffin recovered himself.

"Madam," he said, "a thousand apologies! I hope you are not hurt?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. I trust I did not tread upon your toe?" said the Hippogriff.

"Not at all; the fault was entirely mine," said the Griffin.

"Let's slip away," whispered David, "while they're telling each other how sorry they are."

The Poet nodded. They stole off on tip-toe.

In about an hour's time the Griffin and the Hippogriff were so pleased with their beautiful manners that they agreed to marry one another.

"We will have those two people made into a wedding-cake," they said, looking joyfully round for them.

But David and the Poet were nowhere to be seen.

Our "Mad" Asylums

By Civis

About a year ago there appeared in The English Review a series of articles on asylum conditions written by a lady who had been "confined" and, very fortunately for her, had escaped. They created a mild stir. A few doctors wrote to the Editor protesting against "biassed" statements, quite a number of whilom and escaped inmates wrote pathetic congratulations, but, as usual, the institution remained untouched until the appearance of Dr. Montagu Lomax's book, *The Experiences of an Asylum Doctor* (Allen & Unwin), whose cold, careful, first-hand evidence has at last roused public opinion to the national urgency of inquiry into the whole question of lunacy and its treatment.

It is a difficult subject, because lunacy, like all failure in this country, is commonly regarded as *chose jugée*, and a "lunatic" has no friends. The cost of maintaining asylums is a grudged expenditure—economy is consequently the unwritten law, and because of this necessity treatment is more or less penal instead of being scientifically remedial. This is one of the main exposures startlingly brought out in this useful book. Another is the grave charge involved in the combination in one person of the dual offices of medical superintendent and executive chief, thus leading to the neglect of purely medical duties and so to a medically unscientific administration. Here we have the key to asylum reform. It functions more or less well, but it is not scientific because (1) it is starved economically; (2) it places all power in the superintendent, who, if he pleases, can "entirely neglect the purely medical work of an asylum"; (3) it thus automatically delegates too much power to the attendants, who are poorly paid and only too human; (4) it is not properly controlled by the Visiting Committee.

The effects of this prison institutionalism are inevitably wooden. Too little care is devoted to cures; there are not

enough attendants; case books are not properly kept; clerical work occupies far too much time of the medical officer's duties; the head attendants have too much power; individual attention is neglected; there is no serious pyschological study of insanity; the medical officer becomes a routine administrator instead of a scientific controller; there is too much penal treatment, which generally is viewed from the standpoint of discipline as in a reformatory; the use of drugs is too common, and their nature too violent; punishment is too frequent and is insufficiently controlled.

The accounts of punishments, cell confinements, "crotons," "behind-the-table" treatment, etc., in this book must be read to be appreciated, and all responsible citizens should read these pages, for no one knows whether he may not some day enter an asylum, and only too few know the kind of treatment to which he or she may be subjected. A terrible revelation is contained in what Dr. Lomax reports about croton-oil given without proper prescription by attendants, given as a disciplinary measure. Its effects are brutal. It flays the flesh and is much feared by inmates. As a routine medicine, its use is described by Dr. Lomax as cruelty. He ascribes to that purgative the frequency of "asylum colitis" and he condemns it as inhuman.

On the question of "restraint" modern science is utterly against the old methods of drugs and solitary cells, and in Germany a far more enlightened system prevails with highly beneficial results. Dr. Lomax's account of an inmate beating the walls of his cell where the windows are shuttered and the doors barred is truly sickening, for the insane suffer fearful mental tortures in solitary confinement, and often the only remedy is croton, which literally knocks a man out. Dr. Lomax advocates the abolition of such punishment, for such it is, as indeed all manual restraint, which really means the physical assertion of power of the attendant over the insane.

Reform is urgent, and it is the scientific attitude which must be called into support. The trouble lies in the basic idea of disciplinary treatment which is general. The attendant always aims at the physical assertion of authority. A man who had been in one of these places told the present writer that in hospital, after an operation, the nurse, a woman, was in the habit when attending him of first flicking

her bunch of keys in his face, until one day he threatened to report her. This is the sort of thing that should be stopped. Patients hardly ever complain, they are afraid to; indeed Dr. Lomax avers that the one thing the attendants fear on visiting days is a complaint. Here the Visiting Committee fails. Before these worthies arrive the cells are vacated and fumigated, the windows are opened, for some hours previous to the visit the place is cleaned up and put in order, and the Committee sees nothing. The whole visit becomes a routine farce, as many have long suspected.

Medical attention is of the roughest. Dr Lomax's condemnation of these asylums, with their bad food, with pitch-dark, ill-smelling, unheated cells, where patients die of diseases often caused by the conditions of asylum life, where patients are "secluded" for no responsible reasons, are systematically purged and drugged as an added means of punishment, where the superintendents hardly have time for the medical treatment of their patients and leave this important matter to the whim of the attendants, where the cast-iron routine kills all hope of individual care and supervision—these are revelations which demand at once public attention and inquiry, for truly if this is Bedlam in our midst, it is a ghastly and pitiable tale.

The whole Lunacy Law requires drastic reform, not least as regards the process of certifiable insanity, most certainly as regards the commercial use of private asylums. As Dr. Lomax says, it is impossible to get an attendant to view the inmate as a medical patient, for the administration makes of the attendant a disciplinarian, and as such he is held responsible. Lunatics generally preserve a corner of intelligence; they can mostly be reasoned with, only in the worst cases are they insensible. Indeed in the majority of cases they are over-sensitive, often quite conscious, frequently highly intelligent, if disordered. They fully realise that they are confined, and their health is largely dependent upon their surroundings. As things are, they have but small chance. Many of them reason well and realise the injustice meted out to them. And medically they are shamefully neglected, except as regards purgation. Their teeth are uncared for. In winter they are inadequately clothed, the food is poor, they are just confined,

and often kept in confinement unjustly. It is a pretty wholesale indictment, and it is clear that the existing Lunacy Acts are utterly inadequate in the light of science and civilisation.

When we know how many cases there are in the country to-day of shell-shock soldiers, it is surely a public duty to call for immediate investigation. Dr. Lomax describes the case of a poor soldier whose delusion was persecution locked up in solitary confinement, without light or air, and only croton as a remedy. It is a hideous story. A lethal chamber would seem infinitely more humane and even scientific. This scandal cannot be left where it is. Bedlam must be cleaned up. Our asylums must be put on a modern basis, properly equipped and controlled; above all, the remedial attitude must take the place of the disciplinarian attitude still, to our shame, in vogue.

Dr. Lomax has performed a timely public service by his exposure of an antiquated system. The public has long been uneasy about our asylums. They can find out the facts now in this book. What is the Government going to do about it?

"If"

By S. O.

"If" is a good title, and the play being another *Arabian Nights*, it has achieved a deserved success, which, an it had been more coherent and less pantomimic, it probably would not have attained. For nothing much happens. The start in a suburban villa is not quickening, but the scene in the railway carriage is amusing, and when the thing gets Mesopotamiawards the play, as a play, collapses. After that, cushions, eunuchs, and Turkish trousers retain the interest, always a thrill to Englishmen, who are never tired of Aladdin and his lamps and respond quickly to any Asiatic reflex not ineffably boring, especially when, as is the case with Mr. Ainley, the hero becomes a Nabob with burning oil to play with.

Then there is the woman on the cushions. She is delightful at first, world symbolic. She might have been deliciously pleasing had Lord Dunsany let himself go, but then, no doubt, she would have astonished the real Suburbia, who now see in her Morgiana "as she is," calling for men's "heads" as in their turn they severally annoy her. Quite an up-to-date creation.

If, then, is a success because it is a good entertainment. It has charm, fantasy, wit, even philosophy, and Mr. Ainley in a moustache is an inspiration. The play will probably have imitators. It lingers in the memory in a way that the other great "if" in drama-land does not, thus suggesting a useful comparison, the other, of course, being Carpentier's "if" as recorded on the screen.

Here we can test the values of the cinema. The subject was a world sensation. The record is a real record, and yet how weak is this picture of the great fight, how indescribably below reality it falls, how relatively little it interprets!

True, the picture is worked too fast, making the fighters resemble marionettes, but even then? There is no soul.

There is no colour. No noise. The screen merely presents lines. It is, in truth, the ghost of the real thing.

When we hear that the stage is dead and that the "pictures" have taken the place of living drama we need only see the great fight to perceive how illusory this opinion is, and really it is a useful experience. The fight ought to be thrilling enough on the screen, yet it is not, and it is not because only lines move, the eye is not extended. What we see is only chill motion. The picture, we feel, is a photograph.

Did it but convey a tenth of the real sensation, all London would probably go to see it; as it is, few men would go twice, except perhaps to study technicalities. No, quite emphatically the screen falls lamentably short of life and of real drama when tested by a reality, and that may explain the somewhat curious association of Mr. Eugene Corri with a "few words" by way of introduction. He kind of authenticates the drama, which, by the way, would be entirely unnecessary in the case of *Hamlet* or *Chu Chin Chow*. I thought this confession—for it is a confession—admirably stimulating from the theatrical point of view, for if the Carpentier-Dempsey picture needs man to "present" it, then the stage need not despair. I would go further and say now that the "pictures" as they are at present are only such a draw because of their novelty, their cheapness, their eccentricity in the democratisation of "Mutt and Jeff," and that when they have been sufficiently seen they will automatically be "found out."

Suppose we could have Carpentier and Dempsey on the stage re-fighting the battle as an interlude to *The League of Notions*, say, why, most of us would go. Human nature would assert itself. We would want to see the flesh and blood of the two men. Well, we can see the nearest thing to the real business on the screen. Once seen, *basta!*—the illusion is strictly optical. It is rather bathetic. Somehow only one of our senses has been touched; it is like visualising an album of our relations: it is less satisfying than, say, the reproduction of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony on the gramophone.

As I walked out, I found myself reflecting more upon the Press reports on the fight than upon the fight itself, for at least the screen is a faithful recorder. The great "if"

blow of Carpentier is not the blow made so much of in the newspapers, the superiority of Dempsey is apparent right away from the first gong to the end, and here there may be a moral. It is that the lot of the screen is destined to be educational. Its use is in the schools, in laboratories, in all manner of class-rooms, and one can imagine a great development along such lines with much benefit to the community. Teaching geography or history to boys by the screen should be a splendid exercise. It is difficult to believe that democracy will long continue to revel in screen plays once this generation has seen them and got weary of people cutting faces with a few words of explanation. And they will grow weary of such simple fare, because the process starves the other senses.

To those who indignantly object I retort: Go to the great fight screen and say whether you are genuinely thrilled or not. If not, then obviously the screen does not go round the circle. Now Sarah Bernhardt never lets you down with her voice, nor does *The Playboy of the Western World*.

Lord Dunsany's *If* is proof again. People go to hear a woman ask playfully for a man's head. The secret is the voice. All the little things that make up the big things are omitted by the screen—speech, touch, colour, mind. The intellect does not work. It is Mutt and Jeff.

Put Cinquevalli on the screen—what is he? What price Polonius? No, the screen is but an accessory, an echo of art and drama and life, which some day will be relegated to the schools. There it will perform a great usefulness.

Educational Aspects of Music

By John H. Foulds

It is a commonplace in the programme of apologists of reconstruction, that the arts are to play a highly important part in moulding and actualising those new conceptions of civilisation which are the direct outcome of the recent world-tragedy. The creative arts, it is felt, have too long been relegated to the position of mere amusements, intangible accessories of life, and their enormous potentiality as dynamic factors in education has been greatly neglected. The present is undoubtedly the time to review our position, to take stock of our knowledge, and to rediscover vital functions of the arts amid the changed conditions of these times.

The great creative musicians of the past have been silent in the main regarding the educative aspect of their art. True to their then function, they have been content to supply the material, leaving to statesmen, educationists, and others the task of indicating its application. This the latter have done, and in no uncertain voice. Setting aside the great teachers of the East, our ignorance of whose work is so regrettable, have we not Plato distinctly asserting, in effect, that the proper nourishment of the intellect and passions can no more take place without music than the proper functions of the stomach and blood without exercise? Aristotle affirms that it (music) should be a great factor in education, for by expressing certain habits of the soul it may communicate them to sensitive listeners, and even incite them to practise the actions which are the consequences of these habits. All down the ages philosophers have reiterated the educative value in its widest sense of music, and, not to multiply instances, Napoleon, who would be the last person, one imagines, to overvalue an art, has said : " Music, of all the arts, has the greatest influence over the passions, and the legislature ought to give it the greatest encouragement."

A widespread acquiescence in these dicta has, however, proved of little practical value, and the demand nowadays is for definite and detailed knowledge which may be applied in a realisation of such ideals.

There is an astonishing dearth of information available regarding the practical application of the art of music in this way. Apart from a mild and orthodox use of music in the school curriculum of the young, and an exceedingly nebulous application of the art in therapeutics, little is done, and still less known. Research into the mysteries of the sound-art is scarcely regarded as coming under the category of accepted scientific subjects, and any idea of subsidising such research would of course be laughed at. Is it any wonder, then, that with this comparative neglect of sound on the part of scientists, the art or æsthetic aspects of the subject should monopolise the attention to the exclusion of the equally important power and dynamic aspects?

The failure of music in education, therapeutics, and scientific research is ultimately traceable to a lack of co-operation between the creative musician in the full and untrammelled exercise of his power with the teacher, the doctor, and the scientist. Thus it is that we find musical education devoid of inspiration, musical therapeutics degraded to the level of mere crankism, and musical science bereft of dynamic power. Scientists no doubt admit sound as a force in Nature, but in practical research they devote themselves in the main to electricity, heat, light, any natural force in fact but sound. Our ignorance, then, is great: yet a few indications have been given by creative musicians —a few clues which, when followed up, may yield results apparently out of all proportion glorious and valuable.

§ 1. Synthesis of the Arts.

The tendency of modern life is toward the co-operation of hitherto severed functions. The statesman-educationist looks to the artist for re-creative stuff; the creative artist, no longer remaining at lofty altitudes on the level of imagination, tends to offer the fruit of his artistic labours to the statesman-educationist. Furthermore, the creative artist, responding on his own level to this main tendency toward co-operation, has sensed an ancient truth which

should have far-reaching effects upon the next generation, namely, the synthesis of the arts themselves. He begins to realise the truth of the ancient saying that "in the beginning was the Word." Sound (the Word) produces resultant forms, and possibly colours. Now we know that every vibrating body has a keynote, a rate of vibration to which it most readily responds. But we have accustomed ourselves to such restrictions in practice that we quite fail to realise that the vibrations which we recognise as sound affect all the realms of Nature. A wider recognition of this fact would go far toward freeing music from the comparatively narrow appeal with which the sound-artists of the last three centuries have been content; the appeal, namely, to the emotions of mankind. This first great step towards emancipation being taken, the next would naturally be in the direction of a more detailed and definite correlation of the sound-form-colour correspondences with a view to the application of this synthesis of the arts, not alone in combined presentations of the arts, but in therapeutics, etc., as indicated above.

If sound produces resultant forms and colours, what are these, and what the correspondences? At what pitch are the sounds to be produced, and upon what instruments? Room here for interesting experiment. Also (and here we touch the bedrock factor in the therapeutic value of music), if every vibrating body can be affected by its keynote to the extent that we know to be possible, how greatly can the human body be helped by means of music when the necessary period of research and experiment has elapsed. A vapid nebulosity in this great branch of the sound-art, which is all we have at present, is greatly to be deprecated. Indeed nothing is so pressing in this matter as an alteration in the common attitude towards music; an appreciation of the fact that sound is a force in Nature, just as are light, heat, electricity, and should be studied as such. The vast multitudes of people who study music at present do so with the idea of becoming performers. This is as unreasonable as though all who read plays should intend to become actors. In the future music will surely be read, studied, and enjoyed, much as literature is now, and people's ears will be spared.

§ 2. Attempts at Synthetic Presentation.

Although the present-day tendency is toward synthetic conceptions and presentations, this is no new phenomenon, but an underlying one which is now coming more prominently to the surface. There have been rare souls in every age who have reached a state of consciousness in which the archetype has been perceived, and who have endeavoured to give it expression in a synthesised art-form. When an Æschylus writes Music with Drama; when a Wagner synthesises Music, Poetry, Action, Scene; when a Blake gives out a single conception as music-poem-picture; when a Scriabin attempts a music-colour-scent presentation of one ideation; these men are merely showing that they have contacted the ideation in a state of consciousness where unity is, and have shown it forth in a synthesis of art-forms.

In our own times a recognition, at least, of the correspondence between colour and sound has occurred to a great many sensitive people, but unfortunately the attempts to reduce this to practice have not proved convincing. Rimington's colour-organ, for instance (which is substantially the same as the *tastiera per luce* used by Scriabin), however amusing in its operation, is entirely valueless as a contribution to the recognition of a true analogy, for the correspondence between notes and colours is purely arbitrary in this instrument, and automatically alters according to the key in which a piece is performed. Red, for example, the lowest "tone" in the spectrum, will correspond with C, the keynote when the composition is in C major; but it is automatically changed to synchronise with any other note in the scale which shall happen to be the tonic *pro tem.* Obviously this is no help to us in an endeavour to find the true correlation between sound and colour. Our respect for the man who shows such responsiveness to a vital trend in the art must not cloud our judgment regarding the value of the *form* through which he attempts to transmit his conception to others.

Exactly similar is the case of Stravinsky, who, in common with other musicians of our time (and also, be it said, of remote antiquity), begins to be aware of an urge in the direction of the freeing of music from the necessity of expressing emotion only, and always. His music to a

recent Russian ballet is a splendidly executed running commentary, reinforcing the emotional significance of every movement and combination of movements. These movements being, one and all, attempts to indicate various phases of emotion and feeling, it follows that music so apposite to these phases of emotion is also addressed from and to the emotional nature. Indeed the composer himself sums up his aims in these words: "The one essential is to feel, and to convey one's feeling." This he certainly does, as all the creative musicians of recent centuries have also done. But when we are asked to accept this same music as a succession of abstract sonorities—as a preachment in sound-stuff pure and simple—as being definitely addressed to phases of consciousness other than the emotional, then once more we say that whilst we honour the artist who responds to this urge toward emancipation, we do not see as yet any indication that these ideas have filtered through into his art-work.

Many other instances of attempts at a synthetic presentation of the arts occur to one, and to-day we see extensively advertised another such experiment, imposingly if unconvincingly described as "The New Art"! Each and all these efforts are foredoomed to failure unless founded upon the true correspondences of the arts and their true inter-relationship, which have yet to be fully discovered and demonstrated, and unless given adequate presentation in physical-plane terms. To this end an all-round education for artists is called for; a specialised training in *all* the arts. For, obviously, a synthetic training is necessary for artists who will to give a synthetic presentation of their concepts.

§ 3. New Vistas.

As to the methods of co-operation in research between the creative artist and the scientist: we assert that it is impossible to go far along this line without adventuring into the fields of psychology, psychic investigation, and the like. In creative music, for instance, we are dealing with the intangible, albeit the intangible must always be tested by definite results. Two methods therefore suggest themselves, both scientific, equally important, and (like the in-

spiration and technique of an art) to be followed concurrently. The one is that of physical and analytical investigation of musical effects, carried out in a purely scientific manner; the other is that of psychical investigation carried out with equal care, and entirely severed from the methods of the crank. No investigation of the forces used in sound-art can go beyond a first step without plunging into what may truly be called the occult.

Combined investigation by creative artists and scientists of powers and forces which have been much talked and written about in the past but not investigated should result in a tremendous leap forward in music as applied to educational and other processes. No longer would the mere learning of æsthetic theories (which vary from one generation to another) or the mere practising of instruments be considered the ends of musical education, but rather its kindergarten stages—the fringes of the subject. Following upon the combination for research of the creative scientist with the creative musician, vistas of progress, of new standards of values, should open out before us. The true scientist has an inalienable right to permit himself the wildest dreams; so also the creative artist. May we not therefore permit ourselves to suggest, in conclusion, some of the possibilities which have already been glimpsed by a small group of artists by use of these methods?

It has been found that the human voice under certain conditions of training (which differ widely from those of the accepted training of the modern concert artist, and are not intended to compete with or supplant that training in any way) is an organ the proper use of which in meditation or concentration will induce definite psychological and physiological states. It has been found that such states may be re-induced by various persons, by repetition of the same processes, and, moreover, that, given sufficient spiritual power in the generator, the condition induced in him- or herself may be imparted to others in greater or lesser degree according to their sensitivity. The possibilities for research along this line are immense. One has but to consider the intricacies of the subconscious and unrevealed self and of its physical instrument, the brain and nervous system; the infinite varieties of tonal action and reaction between these; the fascinating subject of pitch in relation

to these, and the effects of *timbre* upon the whole, to realise the field that is before us.

Close correspondences have been discovered or indicated by means of this method between notes, forms, colours, psychological states, elements, vowels, etc. It is a field of experiment in which the testing instrument to be used is man himself and the force employed that of the creative imagination. One might call it the esoteric aspect of the art of music.

Following upon these thoughts so briefly and sketchily presented, we ask ourselves how shall these new values be applied to the exoteric arts? Taking again music as an example, we need a new type of education. Broadly speaking, our musical education in the past has been intellectual and muscular. The tendency to-day is more and more towards the discovery of a stable method of nervous and psychical training for the performer, and of dream- or mood-training for the creator.

We need a new interpretation of our ideas of pitch. No longer would it be possible to toy with pitch as do contemporary musicians if once the relation between pitch and the forces of Nature had begun to be recognised. We need also a re-estimate of the values of *timbre*. Perhaps the most magical thing in music, it should be raised from the thraldom of sensuous appeal to the emancipation of the creative appeal. Again, the extraordinarily unnatural division of the octave into twelve equal parts is now beginning to exert a cramping effect upon the young creative musicians of our day. Many of them realise this. The barrier between them and the realisation of their dreams of tonal emancipation is the prosaic one of trade interests in instrumental construction. The creative arts will never flourish without a revival of disinterested patronage.

The German Theatre

By Thomas Moult

HOSTILITIES between the Allies and the Central Powers are supposed to be over, but it is now more than two and a half years since the cessation, and our authors and dramatists are making no more effort to understand the artistic situation in mid-Europe than they did before the war. It may be that the accursed and childish passport restrictions are something of a barrier, just as these, along with the equally accursed and childish though more deeply ingrained habit of money-changing, are effectually preventing German artists from journeying to us, or even watching our work from a distance. But if any considerable number of literary people were to show that they had something like a decent conception of their art by putting indifference and insularity aside, one imagines that the artificial and jerry-made barriers of a political system might yield to the pressure. The artists who have made the journey so far to Berlin in these post-war years appear to be disgracefully few, except they have modestly concealed the fact—fewer even than the critics, whose grand total is three: Mr. Huntley Carter, Mr. Edward Dent (representing *The Nation and the Athenæum*), and Mr. Sydney Carroll, of the *Sunday Times!* This is indeed a grand total! . . .

At the present moment the most popular foreign author in Germany is the Bengal poet, Rabindranath Tagore. His gravely beautiful face looks out at you from every art-shop window and photographer's showcase. At first one imagines that this is the consequence of a fever of mysticism, or a craze to surround oneself with misty mysteries, that has taken tenacious hold of the German middle-classes, dazed as they are and bereft of that virile if not very imaginative idealism which at one time made them the most consistent art-patrons in Europe. But the explanation of Berliners concerning Tagore's immense vogue is that it arose upon a recent visit he made to the country. He thus

became, in their grateful eyes, the only artist of contemporary fame who has not left Germany to stand in her loneliness against the world. Not that there is anything to be credited to those artists who are prompted to visit Germany in the near future. It will not be their virtue; it is their necessity.

It might be supposed from this that the present state of the German theatre is very bad. Apart from the fact that the playhouse there is not nearly so much at the mercy of the commercial speculator, there is an answer to be found in Mr. Huntley Carter's interesting essay on the new tendencies in the German theatre which he contributed to the current issue of *Theatre-Craft*. Since the war, he tells us, there has been no need for the resurrection of the German theatre by earnest seekers after reform. "Instead of playing at Jack-in-the-Box, it kept its head to the stars, took a straight line of development and stuck to it." The pre-war development has continued without hindrance. Then there is the war-time development, which moved partly on the pre-war line and partly on a line of its own, and the revolution-time development, when many vital changes were introduced. And now there is the post-revolution development when in more peaceful and settled times, comparatively speaking, all the threads have come together once more, and a development has taken place that "plainly and fearlessly proclaims that Germany is still far ahead of us, at least in matters pertaining to the theatre." It has, in a sentence, been able to keep to the things that are vital rather than to those that pay.

Far from experiencing a period of stagnation, the Berlin theatres are now earnestly occupied in developing the changes which Mr. Huntley Carter refers to as introduced by the Revolution of 1919. The domination of the popular mind by militarism and imperialism has been broken and replaced by a domination less harmful, because capable of greater artistic possibilities—that of humanism and mysticism. When Mr. Carter was in Berlin he was able to note the appearance of a number of writers, painters, and men of the theatre closely concerned with these new intellectual tendencies, and, moreover, with the appearance of new playhouses for the staging of revolutionary plays. Since that time a mammoth circus on the Karlstrasse has

been converted by Professor Reinhardt to the Grosse Schauspielhaus, with seating accommodation, all on one sloping floor, for five thousand, its high circular roof, with countless hanging stalactites to aid the sound, and its vast stage, with a front jutting forward into the auditorium where the circus ring used to be—a stage several times as wide as that of Covent Garden and several times as deep. Reinhardt has now retired from the control of this great playhouse, but his influence there is potent. At present his production of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* is being given more or less alternatively with *Die Weber*, by Gerhardt Hauptmann. It is at a performance of the latter piece, a story of the weavers' revolt of eighty years ago, that we can best see the effect of this development of the theatre with revolutionary tendencies. The sweltering midsummer night makes no reduction in the size of the audience. The theatre is packed, and the performance dazes anyone accustomed to the less massive and less vigorous English methods. Among the players are the famous and versatile Werner Krauss as Old Hilse, Fritz Kampers as Becker, Fritz Richard as Old Baumert, and Wilhelm Dieterle as the soldier Moritz Jager (an amazingly fine group); they are constantly interrupted by excited members of the audience, every revolutionary sentiment receiving loud appreciation.

The enthusiasm increases with the progress of the play. It is a progression which works itself out on a gigantic scale, for here is no room for finesse or delicacy, the theatre itself being so large that even in ordinary dialogue the actors are required to shout. The intelligence of everyone on the stage, individuals and crowds alike, is extraordinary. The evening might be likened to a forest fire, gathering intensity and greater volume, until at the close the whole audience rises up and roars out a familiar revolutionary hymn, self-appointed orators shouting Communistic sentiments to a response of indescribable enthusiasm. There is no attempt at official interference, and one gathers that these scenes occur at every presentation. We surge out into the open, and there, to greet us, are street-meetings at every few yards among the densely massing people. The whole occasion is tremendous. One realises that although German ambitions led them once to Armageddon, they are already straining

again after something—are they making this time for the clouds? . . . Nothing seems too huge, too colossal, too tremendous for them, even in their weakened state. They are still as a giant staggering under a dream.

But the Hauptmann nights at the Grosse Schauspielhaus are mainly of political significance. It is in Reinhardt's beautiful production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* that we find artistic significance. Here is not merely a demonstration of the healthy state of the German theatre, but a manifestation of the most hopeful tendency of all, a return to the old romanticism through which Jean Paul Richter, Goethe, and Schiller built up one of the noblest edifices in the history of the world's art. A great English visionary and a great German craftsman combine in the nearest approach at the Grosse Schauspielhaus to a fulfilment of its original purpose. It was to be a theatre for the people, a festival playhouse, a rite of worship, purification, and joy. Other pieces which fall a little shorter of that purpose have been Romain Rolland's *Danton* and the *Europa* of Georg Kaiser, whose *From Morn to Midnight* aroused the sarcasm of the English critics on its recent appearance here in a translation published by Hendersons. The chief result of the Reinhardt venture so far is a confirmation of an axiom always on our lips and never anywhere else, that if the serious theatre is loyal to the people by offering them its best, the people will be loyal to the serious theatre. Everywhere in Berlin this summer the visitor finds similar confirmation. The theatres are always well filled, and the quality of the work presented may be gathered from the fact that during the first week in July the playbills included Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* (as a play with Grieg's music), Shaw's *Misalliance*, Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan* and *The Importance of Being Earnest* (the latter re-named *Bunbury*!), and Sudermann's *Das Glück im Winkel* and *Rosen*. In addition there have been recent productions of the younger native writers' plays—*Mann*, by Lothar Schreyer, Kleist's *Katchen von Heilbronn*, Steindorff's *Die Irren*, Hans Johst's *Der Junge Menns*, and others by Hasenclever, Toller, and Büchner. The standard of interpretation is very high. Such perfection of emotional acting is not always to the dramatist's

advantage, however. Sudermann's mechanics and insincerities were never revealed in a more pitiable light than in the State Theatre revival of *Das Glück im Winkel*, where the lover's passion is allowed to sweep the old schoolmaster's wife off her balance, and then, at her critical moment, is defeated by the sentimentality of the dried-up husband's plea for respectability and the children!

Of course, there is the more "popular" type of play, such as *The American Girl* and *Potash and Perlmutter*, but only out in the respectable Charlottenburg district can be found one of those pieces for which Berlin is supposed to be notorious, although it called forth much indignant protest at its first performances. This is *Reigen* (*The Circle*) by Arthur Schnitzler. For many years the author himself refused to permit the play to be staged. Financial considerations, we are told, have made possible its presentation twenty years after it was written.

Reigen is truly an amazing production. There are ten scenes, or episodes, each exhibiting the sexual promiscuity of men and women. When the curtain rises we see a street prostitute accosting and bargaining with a soldier, who retires with her into the shadow of a railway arch. The thunder of a passing train overhead symbolises their immediate relationship. They return to the stage, the soldier, like all the men in the succeeding episodes, exhibiting every sign of satiety and of contempt at a triviality, the woman every sign that she regards the occurrence as of importance. The next scene is between the soldier and a housemaid, the third between the maid and the young master at the house where she is employed, and so on, through the sordidness and glitter of the varying grades of relationship, until finally the circle is completed with an incident between a high official and the street prostitute of the opening scene. The dialogue is brilliant throughout, and the serious purpose of the play well and delicately emphasised by the players. But it certainly should have been confined to one's reading in the study, though there need be no regret that it should have to be recorded, if only because it is done so as an isolated case.

The World's Exchange Problem

By Austin Harrison

THE world's great basic problem, vital, epochal, determinative, stands out with the turn of the leaves of 1921 with startling precision; it is the exchanges or the mechanism of sale and purchase by which men and nations trade. In comparison with that question all political issues are of paltry importance, for indeed, whether we settle Ireland or not, or America fights Japan or Silesia is given to Poland, or all Europe goes down in a bloodbath of revolution and civil war, man will survive and the dead do but bury their dead; on the other hand, if our economic mechanism fails, becomes unadjustable, then civilisation will collapse and we shall have Bolshevism in its pure anarchical form, and Europe will be a howling wilderness of destruction and decay.

Now, when the politicians at Paris remapped Europe and tied up Germany, as they thought, in meshes of iron bands as the result of the most sordid, ignominious, and material international intrigue in modern history, they forgot the quintessence of their economics, the one thing that mattered, namely, the exchange mechanism regulated as the index of credit on the *gold standard*. I remember at the time a very rich man, who had taken a prominent part in the hamstringing of German trade, credit, and recuperative potentiality, explaining the situation with gusto. "We have tied the enemy up," he said, "for five years. In that time we shall capture all his markets, all his trade. We have got a five years' jump. You can take it from me—the enemy is laid out."

That was the opinion shared then by Governments, industrialists, and "experts" with notable exceptions, for nobody thought of the exchange, which is to say that not one of the English or French framers of the Treaty of 92,000 words understood the A B C of the world's economic

mechanism, which is not, as they thought, gold as a static possession, but the flow or distribution of gold as an element, of which the indicator is the exchange, there being no such thing as static wealth or credit except in fairy books. It is extremely important for us to grasp this simple truth, because recovery is dependent upon a right diagnosis of the world's sickness, and unless there is soon to be an economic recovery, the European crash will surely come this year, next year, or the year after.

So far as Britain is concerned, the cause of our trade decline is clear as sunlight. Before 1914 we exported goods to the value of £200,000,000 to Central Europe annually, which value has of course vanished, we in our turn having so tied Germany down that she possessed no credit—*i.e.*, she could not buy. The same applied to Austria, to Poland, and largely to Italy and to all the midwife States created at the pleasure of France to complete the French military domination of Europe, regardless of the fact that these new States must be economically dependent upon the flow or distribution of credit and goods dominated by the centre, which is Germany. And so we found this year that we had slain the golden goose. Mountains of stock remained unsold. The immense profits dreamed of never materialised; the nations of Europe could not buy, hence we could not sell. Victor and vanquished are all up against the same difficulty—credit, which in practice comes down to the exchange position.

The usual factors played their part. To recapitulate them: (1) Monopolist credit based on Government paper; (2) tariffs; (3) monopolist *controlled scarcity* of supply; (4) prices always meeting wages; (5) the elimination of competition; the El Dorado of 1920 turned into the "slump" of 1921 simply because Europe had no avenues of distribution. The normal flow of buying and selling had been clogged. Credit became chaotic; the exchanges became speculative. All wanted to sell but none could buy after the first shortage as the result of the war had been more or less filled up. The victors who anticipated a "corner" in all trade in Europe and overseas found that production was a glut—Europe could not trade, and Europe could not trade because the heart of the European economic

mechanism, which is Germany, had been devitalised for purposes of hate.

To-day, after the worst trading year in the memory of man, the worst slump, the greatest depression, Britain is faced literally with a decision which will influence her entire future. We cannot go on living on the unproductive expenditure and credit of 1920—that is to say, we must sell our goods, having to import 50 per cent. of our food; we must restore trade or make ready to go the way of all other empires in history, who, having flung out too far their confines, markets, and responsibilities, disintegrate and succumb.

What happened after the Armistice was this: Capital and speculative finance, in collusion with Government credit, seized the opportunity of inflation to build up a vast profit potential which it was hoped to turn into real credit by capturing foreign trade at the expense of impoverished Europe, plus a complete home grip over "raw," credit, and prices. It was a wild gamble, that is all. To-day that potential is a pack of cards, but at this point the diagnosis leads us to gold and the gold standard and consequently to America, who herself has made the most astonishing blunder in economics, which she is now at her wits' end to know how to rectify.

What is her position? Now Wilson's dramatic fall was due to American home politics. Not Mr. Lloyd George, not even M. Clemenceau, smashed Wilson, but the Americans at home, who were determined at all costs to down their curiously unpopular President; then, when they had downed him, they withdrew, like Achilles, to their tents. The slogan became "Out of Europe," and with this the demand was gold. Ever since gold has drifted across the ocean until to-day the Americas have 80 per cent. of all the gold in existence, and even in Mexico gold is the coin. English bankers often expressed astonishment at America's demand for gold, but Americans seemed to regard it as static wealth, like a miser in olden times who counted his gold pieces in a sack and let them trickle through and over his fingers with delight. What is the result? It is that America too cannot sell to Europe. She too is caught on credit, although herself the great credit Power of the world; she has all the gold, but it is of no use

to her because gold is only the medium of exchange, and if no one else has any the negative is as rich as the positive —in other words, America has dished her own market through credit or an exchange parity which Europe cannot meet and every month cumulatively grows less capable of meeting. And so America, the only Great Power actually solvent on the gold standard, in possession of three-fourths of all the gold, finds herself, as we do, "slumped," deflated, in grave financial difficulties to such an extent that her bankers have all taken to reading the standard text-books on economics, and every boat brings over half a dozen experts—to study the European exchange problem.

The nature of the problem can be realised at a glance when we recall that the prosperity of pre-war Europe was due to the *exportable food surplus* of America, which was paid for by exports, shipping, investments, banking, etc., and that about 100,000,000 people in Europe lived on the home industrialism of this interdependent (foreign or American) position. Here we have the key in the word interdependent. No doubt in China, in South America, America has increased her trade and will greatly increase it; but that is not sufficient. To-day, like Britain, America must export, and that buying market must lie in Europe. That is the explanation of the American concern at existing conditions; that explains why the Republican Administration is anxious to renew the interdependence she severed herself from, why the problem of Europe's debts to America is exercising American financiers, why, in short, America wants a world parley to see what the world is going to do about it.

To America this problem has now become of acute significance, for if an adjustment cannot be found, America also is doomed to grow poorer in line with sinking Europe and for the very reasons that have crippled Europe, the fruits of the Versailles Treaty being an economic minus, because the world's markets are interdependent, and if half Europe is impoverished the whole will be impoverished, as we are at last dimly discovering, peering over the mountains of Bolshevist inconvertible paper money that have reduced credit to a theorem of no banker knows what.

Such is the positive achievement reached by the simple

politicians at Paris. By their Treaty they have impoverished half Europe; they have dislocated, arrested, and destroyed trading facilities; they have turned credit into a game of paper money; they have stopped the world's economic mechanism, and the result is seen in the decay of economic Europe, in wholesale trade slump, in wholesale unemployment, in prices controlled by scarcity and world credit collapse.

Turn to Germany, for her part in the economic decline is peculiarly significant and indeed is the key to all European stability. When, chained down to the new European map, deprived of half her coal, of much of her iron ore, zinc, her shipping, her arteries, her rivers, her banking and trading facilities, Germany looked round to see whether she was dead or alive, she made a portentous discovery, which was the exchange, literally the only German thing not penalised in the Treaty. No man at Paris had thought of the one thing which could really cripple Germany, *i.e.*, the exchange, and so for all the penalties, indemnities, restrictions, disabilities, and privations imposed upon her by Treaty, Germany found the economic road free. And all the freer as wages soared in the victorious countries and credit assumed inflation proportions, and quick to seize that opportunity was that strange individualist Stinnes, who as a boy had run away to sea. His policy is roughly "Never mind the gold standard, go ahead and print money." To-day we view its results with stupefaction. Germany can always undersell us, that is the story, and though the politicians who ignored economics have sought to stay her progress, first by fabulous but mythical indemnities, really with the object not so much of getting money but of saddling Germany with a foreign debt; secondly, by penalisations such as fifty-fifty (which incidentally we paid) and yet again by a $33\frac{1}{3}$ tariff duty, which is aimed at the German exchange and little else, Germany goes on selling, capturing tenders, recovering markets, seemingly on the high way of economic recovery, and Anglo-Saxon financiers point to the figure of Stinnes as the Machiavelli of modern finance.

In one sense this is correct. He at least has thought intelligently, which is more than can be said of the thousand and one French and English compilers of a treaty in

which the one thing that mattered was left out. A year ago in this REVIEW I pointed out the effects of this Treaty, also this: that had we simply insisted upon stabilising the German exchange and prevented her from printing paper money Germany would have been in our clutches absolutely. But foolish politicians preferred a book of 92,000 words which meant zero. Germany escapes on the exchange, and the nearer we approach here to the gold standard the easier it is for her to undersell us as all other countries whose currencies are depreciated, including France and Belgium. Such is the position to-day. We cannot sell because Europe cannot buy, but Germany has the double advantage of her exchange stopping the hole in the West by way of imports while obtaining an immense advantage on exports—which was of course the very thing we thought we had prevented for at least a decade.

And now we cannot afford to view political economy as academic any longer; it is our actual and visible problem, and it is America's problem too. It is quite idle to expect a big recovery this autumn so long as Europe remains a non-buyer, and if this slump continues Britain will rapidly decline, and we shall have an unemployment crisis and a credit crisis which will force the Government to reconsider the theory of money pretty closely with some attention to convertibility. In plain words we are now approaching, as the direct result of the Treaty, a world crisis on the gold standard. Are we to return to the gold standard? Or is Germany right in ignoring the relationship of gold to credit issues? In a word, is all this money, this indemnity talk, fiction, or shall we recover an anchorage and so restore the exchange parities or at least stabilise them in order that the world's distribution of goods may function? Such is the grand problem of the world to-day. Perhaps the only certain thing that can be said about it is that as it is a world issue, so only as a common issue can it be rectified.

Here we get at once into the relativities. Of course, bankers will assert that we must return to gold, yet if so, how? The debts of Europe have long passed any fundable basis, and credit is obviously no longer related to or limited by gold, which is to say that there is no longer a ratio between money income and commodity income. Now if Europe is not on, or cannot return to, the gold standard,

then, apart from the physical disabilities to which millions will be doomed, we have this fantastic vista, namely, that our debts are fictitious and we have emerged from the Great War free, whereas America *per contra*, who has the gold, as all who cling to the gold standard, are so much the poorer by the exact amount of gold that they possess—Germany and Poland being correspondingly the richer. But to accept that position to-day is at least premature, in fact it is to frustrate the likelihood of such a hypothesis that American financiers are visiting us at this moment, and so for the sake of harmony we will assume that the gold countries, having the upper hand, mean seriously to try to adjust the situation in the very material interests of their own credit and money. Indeed this is Britain's and America's life interest. Either we do together manage to restore some kind of working equilibrium, or Europe unquestionably will stalk into bankruptcy, precisely as Russia did, overwhelmed by paper which at last will reach a point where even internally no man wants it, thus precipitating a general crash in which inevitably we will be involved. There is no getting away from this rock. On its solution will depend European bankruptcy, but if that happens Britain will be ruined and the whole financial fabric of credit will collapse like a pack of cards.

Fortunately for mankind, credit is international in its function, and all that is required is confidence, which again implies good will. It is Europe's Nemesis. The strangulation policy of Versailles has ended in slumping us and slumping America, and the only way to check the mad course of falling exchanges and falling currencies is the restoration of confidence or international action. Quite useless to denounce Labour and call for super-production, which latter is in great part the cause of our slump. [The word is a misnomer, for what we here are suffering from is a surfeit, as the shops' sales periodically emphasise.] It might have been wonderfully different. Had we insisted upon free trading facilities, pegged the German exchange and stopped inflation, we to-day would be selling like war profiteers and the land would be full of joy. But, as previously explained, politicians at Paris thought credit meant chaos, as the Americans thought gold was wealth. Both we and they are hoist with our own petard. Only Germany

gains, selling what she produces, but Germany's way too is chaos leading to sheer bankruptcy, for she is only selling on paper credit which sooner or later must be transferred into real credit or into the limbo of negation. The position may legitimately be described as a race. The gold standard nations *versus* the paper credit nations, America, Britain, and France *versus* the rest. On the paper side the goal is reached when the peoples of any country refuse their Government's paper issues, as in Russia; on the other the problem is the anchorage of stricken Europe's credit, failing which the solution of Europe's misery is the bonfire, the wholesale burning of the paper money, with the anarchy and distress inevitably associated with any such disturbance of purchasing power.

There may be another way out—a new basis of credit, but that need not be discussed here. Envisaging the great problem of destroyed credit as a world issue, we find that Europe has in fact moved away from gold as a balancing attachment, and that through its very repercussion the dollar is the argument. That means America and brings back America, and we may be perfectly sure that credit will be discussed at Washington with a very different interest to that accorded to it at Paris when last the Governments of the world met together. What we have to consider is the solution, if there is one, of this problem, and, unless we really are going mad, to set about the task of restoration with all expedition. What can be done? First, what needs to be done? This at least we know. What Europe needs is purchasing power or credit, and what Britain and America need is selling power, which is to say that Europe's credit is our Anglo-Saxon potentiality without which we decline. The problem is relatively simple because credit functions by way of the exchanges, and so the mechanism is clearly the instrument to be played on, as it was during the war. But we cannot do that, having no gold. Only America can, and thus once more the futility of American isolation is revealed; we are thrown back upon the law—interdependence.

Now America has about £1,000,000,000 in gold, which is literally useless so long as it is idle and does not circulate; with half which sum she could certainly stabilise the exchanges of Europe, as with a fairy wand. It is our only chance. If she wants

Europe to buy she must give Europe the facilities to buy. She must abandon the miser's cave for world economics. The singular truth is that America will have to distribute her gold among the nations of Europe in order to give them a purchasing power, or Europe's pauperisation will continue until breaking-point is reached. Of course, other adjustments are necessary. Europe's debts to America will have to be written off. One by one we shall have to let one another off our mutual indemnities, and the whole question of German reparations will have to be reconsidered sensibly with some relation to not only capacity of payment, but what economically is of more importance to the receiving nations, capacity of absorption, seeing that Germany can only pay actually by commodities or exports, and that (to take an example) were we paid this Christmas with a million Bechstein grands our pianoforte industry would be about extinguished. These little matters will have to be thought about instead of merely talked about, if, as we maintain, Stinnes is wrong and we are on a gold basis; otherwise, credit being a myth, the country which prints the most paper is the wealthiest, in which case America is ridiculously poor and ourselves a very poor second. And this is not a jest. It is absolutely the economic truth of the problem. That is why the banks have become so fussy about the gigantic overdrafts. We have over-capitalised our industries on inconvertible money in the expectation that paper makes paper, while neglecting our real source of wealth, which is other people's desire and capacity to buy our goods. I fancy that to-day even the Federation of British Industries which started the "super-production" hare is aware of this snag, even if they have not quite learnt that our mechanism is international. Economics control, not policies, or hates, or strategical geography, and the two pivots are Russia and America, the one without credit, the other with a surplus credit which is of no use. These two economic insulations are the factors of control or decomposition, towards which latter plane Germany and all Europe east of the Rhine are gravitating in chronic and chronological sequence. It will thus be no easy task to stop the "rot," and only America can attempt it. Success will depend upon her willingness to restore gold and wipe out the bad debts which in any case will never be paid to her for the simple reason that they

cannot be. When the Powers meet at Washington in November credit will be the major issue on the round table.

America's problem is thus how to make credit real again. She can, but only if she yields her gold and re-enters the Councils of Europe as the healing promoter of confidence. As things are the exchanges are all falling. Polish currency is a nightmare, Germany as she pays her indemnities resorts to the printing press, and in her wake all the parasitic States of Europe follow, from Austria to Jugo-Slavdom.* The position grows steadily worse. Another year of this paper inflation and the grand bonfire will become imperative. What then? Will the nations who burn their currencies emerge as the real credit nations? It may be so. After all, the gold basis is merely an artifice which to-day is perilously near to an anachronism. This at least is certain. All Europe east of the Rhine is drifting into paper Bolshevism as the logical result of a treaty which strangles credit and so trade. It is essentially a political matter. If the Treaty is maintained credit cannot be restored—so much is axiomatic, because without confidence there can be no stability. This then is the net result of the Punic Peace—chaos and impending European bankruptcy. Unless America wishes to be involved in the coming *débâcle* she will at Washington submit a definite economic programme based upon the restoration of gold to Europe and the stabilisation of the exchanges for perhaps a decade. This can be done. There is no other way now. If Germany is to pay indemnities she must export—that is, she must undersell. That part of the problem too will have to be adjusted reasonably. As it is, Europe is rapidly nearing all-round insolvency. If we are to prevent this colossal tragedy we must either change the gold standard or enable Europe to revert to it. In any case our own solvency is involved, for we dare not repudiate. Our problem is thus one with America. It is high time we considered this question in its full bearings on our trade and imperial continuity, or assuredly we shall register this winter a still further decline, when we too may be forced to imitate Stinnes and enter for the European paper-chase, in which case to go to Washington to discuss the Far East would be waste of time and intelligence.

* If Germany defaults and declares sometime next year, her repudiation must bring down all the countries east of the Rhine, excepting Neutrals.

In Despair—The League of Nations

By The Editor

When Lord Robert Cecil, stung by the contempt cast governmentally upon the League of Nations, cried out to Mr. Chamberlain in Parliament "You do despise it," the leader of the Coalition snappily retorted "Hear, hear," presumably imagining he had said a clever thing; yet at the same time his master, the Premier, like Lord Robert exasperated at the mentality of French militarism, saved both his face and the Entente by solemnly referring the litigious issue of Silesia to that despised body, whereat even the newspapers of both countries append their concurrence. On the face of it, this is a signal triumph for the League, for at the worst it denotes recognition and at the best submission. In any case it implies a trial, and so much so that this may be said definitely. The League is now to be tested, it may be its final test. If it works, then that other body, the Supreme Council, will have signed its own death warrant and perforce will disappear; but if the League fails the Supreme Council will have gained another lease of life. So at last the League is to be utilised—in despair. In a "paddy," Mr. Lloyd George resorts to the last manœuvring device of opportunist politics, chiefly with a view to testify to the "perfect accord" animating the superlatively divergent opinions of the Supreme Council even on a matter already decided by Treaty, which incidentally ruptures that Treaty upon which the Entente exists.

Dialectically, the Premier undoubtedly scored in Paris, explaining to the French that Upper Silesia is not a Polish question, which is historically profoundly true, but a French question, which Britons cannot be asked to pay and fight for; indeed it is clear that the Premier is becoming keenly

alive to the gigantic mistakes committed in the Treaty and now seeks to jettison responsibilities as lightly as at home the Coalition Government repeals and rejects its own legislation. As historian, the Premier stated the case exactly. Upper Silesia is infinitely more German than Alsace-Lorraine is French, in truth it is as German as Normandy is French. But that is not the point with the French, who demand the militarisation of the European map on lines calculated to provide France with strategic security and gun fodder for evermore. All authorities agree that the industrial triangle constitutes one economic unit, but again the French care as little for that as they do for the *plébiscite*; they want a satrap militarist Poland, and by hook or crook they intend to get it. That was why the Korfanty insurrection took place on the exact lines of Poland's seizure of Vilna, which predatory spoliation has subsequently been evasively confirmed by the League of Nations. Hence the Premier's new orientation. If we cannot pay 6s. in the £ taxes, we are hardly likely to ask for 10s. in the £ to enable Poland to play the Hohenzollern in Europe, and knowing that and fearful of the deliberate results of yet another Alsace-Lorraine for subsequent wars to re-liberate, the Premier plumped for the League, which thereby emerges from its Swiss seclusion into the limelight of international responsibility.

Now the French accepted this reference to the League no doubt because the example of Vilna encourages them to believe that the League—described by Mr. Balfour as the "same men"—will take the French view rather than the British, also because by a convenient clause in the covenant all decisions of the League to be binding must be "unanimous," which, as France and Poland are members and Germany is not, practically rules out all possibility of a decision which need be considered, seeing that the League has no power while the Supreme Council has all the power, in which case all that will have been gained is another procrastination and quite likely another little rebellion by way of embittering and obscuring the issue. Still we must register an advance, not because the League, as constituted, may be expected to give a right decision—it hardly can with the case of Vilna staring it in the face—but because

the League will be quite palpably on trial, and failure will surely cast that assembly into what will then be a necessary oblivion. This, then, will be the test of the League's usefulness. Hitherto it has merely been a camouflage, and on the one occasion on which it was tried it failed conspicuously. Now a vital problem of morality, of equity, and of European economics is to be submitted to its jurisdiction, above all an issue of war which is certain, if a wrong decision is made, to drench Europe in blood in another European conflagration. The prospects are not good. About the Silesian question there is little new to add. All the experts have done their work. The issue is simply this: Shall an historical part of Germany, vital to her economic existence, be allocated to Poland in order to complete the French military hegemony of Europe, or is there to be a justice? As it stands, the League is simply a committee of governmental nominees, a "wee" Supreme Council, in which Japan sits with her tongue in her cheek and Italy like a ghost, the rest being composed of professional diplomatists acting almost inevitably on a brief. In these conditions, the torso of a League minus America, Russia, or any of the late enemy countries can hardly show much superior wisdom. One dissentient suffices to nullify its findings, and America refuses to touch it. To fling the dry bones of the Supreme Council to such a body appears somewhat ridiculous, but there it is; for the moment it has eased the tension and probably saved M. Briand's position. Noteworthy is this decision in comparison with the refusal to refer the monstrous Greek war to League of Nations law.

None the less it is right that the League should be put on trial, even if its conclusions would seem a predestined futility. The issue of Silesia will ultimately become an issue of European principle upon which war or peace will depend. For that reason, Germany will be well advised to sue for admission to the League, if only to see how far the League is even serious as an assessory tribunal. Here, we need not congratulate ourselves upon the removal of a dangerous war spot because, in despair, Silesia has been referred to a junior committee of the French and English Foreign Offices; quite the contrary. If the League decides

upon the Italian plan of drawing a line with a ruler, Silesia will emerge as the Alsace-Lorraine of Armageddon the second. Almost in any case there is going to be prolonged and profound trouble, for should the League take the historical view and decide against the French claim for the Polish mines, there will be France to reckon with, and then the League may dissolve, thus referring back the League to the Supreme Council, plus the issue at stake. For France, Polish militarism is the corner-stone of policy, and without that militarism France will not feel certain of the desired control, reckoning on the loss of Russia as an ally and the uncertainty of continued British support for the new Napoleonisation, in which latter assumption France is indisputably right. In reality Upper Silesia represents a European question of principle of the first magnitude, the solution of which will only be found through war or applied justice. When France pitifully cries out for "security," she demands a vain thing. There is no absolute security in life. Even to-day the security of the Supreme Council is extraordinarily "dicky," for on the face of it the very notion of two victor Powers arrogating to themselves the right to usurp the government of Europe is an outrage, historically, morally, and humanly, and the longer it persists in its assumption the weaker democratically it grows. Already the Supreme Council is Byzantine; its decease is written on the wall.

If France wants security, she can have it—by showing herself worthy before the civilisation that fought for her of that trust and conscience. In no other way. An armed France, bristling with guns and tanks, will no more be able to dominate Europe than Napoleon was able to, or Ludendorff. To-day, when the problems of Europe are economic, not political, her claim is a fantasy, an anachronism; more, an offence. It cannot be. It must not be. The real trend of Europe is towards a United States of Europe, not, as France wants, towards a Gallic military ascendancy, though it is possible that only through complete breakdown will this movement of internationalisation be apparent or constructive. But we who fought for France so devotedly cannot be asked to refashion Europe for another war, to oust whole chunks of one nation and

fling them into another for military motives, to devitalise and pauperise whole regions of historical and industrial unity for a hate, if for the material reason that in the end we shall have to pay for this wrong and fight for it. We did not enter the war for that sinister purpose. We shall not provide the security for the next war on that supposition, and France will make a terrible mistake if she forces issue on such a claim. The history of wars lies in the tragic misuse of victories. For this generation too many lives have been shot away to warrant the deliberate manufacture of another world-war on the old formula of "security," and if that is all that French politicians can think of, then they must learn from the voice of humanity that Europe dare not be rebuilt just for another holocaust and as a fact cannot be. It is on this fundamental issue that the League will now decide. If, to please France, it allocates the iron, coal, and zinc of Upper Silesia to Poland, it will lay the sure foundations of a second European war and will destroy itself. Thus the work of Paris returns to its evil-doers, and either the League will emerge triumphant or the world's chaos and disaster will deepen into still darker night.

The systems that fail are those which rely upon permanency. So Louis XIV.; so William II.; so the late Tsar. The first brought about the French Revolution; the second produced Armageddon; the epitome of Tsardom is Bolshevism. Can France really imagine that man has learnt nothing? Does she sincerely suppose that the result of the world's great slaughter is merely to be a transvaluation of power, expropriation, and ambition? The very supposition is incredible, even physically. The world fought Germany because of her refusal to accept the lesson taught by Napoleon, the rights of nations, which led to the liberalising movements of 1848. To-day, we stand at the dawn of international right. Already the Treaty is seen to be incompatible with modern principle, unassociable with modern thought, and so the first stone of progress, let us hope, is to be cast by the League of Nations, which in the act will smother or create itself. Humanity can only wish it a brave birth.

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FICTION.

DANGEROUS AGES. By ROSE MACAULAY. Collins and Co. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS is the kind of book that is sure to be popular in these democratic days, when the screen, the gramophone, and the Press photograph maiden are the "scream." It is quite clever—superficially. It is consoling for women. It reflects just what we do think and say, as in a book, and Freud is introduced, and the philosophy of it all is "What is it all about? Why, nothing!" Perhaps the title may terrify, but the sensitive need not be afraid; the author knows her public, her patter is absolutely safe, indeed it runs along from start to finish without a break and appeals to young and old who like their thinking done for them. *Dangerous Ages* is not a serious disquisition on the theme; it is a pleasing "I'm an optimist kind of a chap" romance which promises a career for the author, for this is the stuff to give them.

WOMEN IN LOVE. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Martin Secker. 9*s.* net.

THIS novel—of relative emotionalism—should be the work of a woman, but women shun analysis of their own sex, and so perhaps Mr. Lawrence, who is as sensitive as an orchid, is the best man for the job. It is at once a tiresome and a fascinating book. Mr. Lawrence is still troubled by the obsession of sex; it is a Turkish bath with him; he revels in the steam of his own imaginings, and though in places one gets angry at his persistence, bored with the strain of it, and even let down by its phosphorescence, this is a notable achievement, for the balance of polarity is sustained, and out of it there emerges a chrysalis of considerable conjecture. This is love, the new love. Are we moving away from the love of possessive man? Shall we evolve a nobler conception of sex relationship when we have escaped from the old Catholic bond of marriage which assigns virginal woman to man? The author apparently thinks so. And that is the real interest in this astonishing spate of sex represented by two sisters and two men, the one a physical male, the other searching for the spiritual or perfect communion. In the quest Mr. Lawrence makes some tactile discoveries. Both his women are unusual types, and introspection is the keynote throughout, so that nobody is particularly happy even in the highest transports. But Mr. Lawrence preserves his art. He himself does not intrude. He is fair, splendidly sincere, and his motto is evidently the absolute world of art as against the relative world of action in which we live. Anyhow, this is a novel of the times. Here at least we sense the free woman. It is the men who are puzzled. Men are so apt to think their strut is enough, and so the physical male finds himself abandoned for the queer, discerning artist who is a German. These things happen, we know. But why, we do not know, and that is Mr. Lawrence's problem. One could wish that Mr. Lawrence had more humour—his big love scenes are over-verbose; such emotion can only be rendered in music, so that the total effect is apt to be too negative. There are extraordinary passages. The entire book is extraordinary, though it is inadequate to leave it at that. It would be really interesting to have this book rewritten in collaboration with a woman of intuition and mature experience.

THE BRIMMING CUP. By DOROTHY CANFIELD. Jonathan Cape. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE brilliant analysis of a woman's mentality, when consuetude has dulled the edge of her maternal instincts, and the possibilities of the passionate personal life beckon almost irresistibly from the alluring country of wealth and fulfilment—this is the main thread of Dorothy Canfield's very remarkable story. The theme is eternal, but the setting is new, and the method entirely personal, penetrating and delightful. Marise Chittenden, vividly alive, high strung, sensitive and beautiful, sees all the kingdoms of the earth from her high mountain: the way is open and free to her, she is modern and unhindered by convention or scruple, and she has it out with her own soul in complete honesty. By a shock of hearsay she realises how deep the roots of her life have gone, that she is irrevocably set upon the narrow path of happiness, and that the iridescent horizon is a

mirage. The shock is perhaps a little too cumulative, murder and accident rather obtrude themselves upon the larger epic of her decision, and the Power episode has the effect of an unnecessary second string, a little marring to the artistic perfection of the story, in which incident has small place compared with penetration of character and motive. The perfection of the author's comprehension of the child-mind, her touching delicacy of perception, and the restrained gaiety of her vignetted method make this story of a Vermont valley something far more than an interesting book—a real contribution to human exegesis.

THE MAINLAND. By E. L. GRANT WATSON. Jonathan Cape. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS reprint of Mr. Grant Watson's striking novel of Australasian seas is a well-deserved compliment, for *The Mainland* is a very notable book. Re-reading is a distinctive joy—when it is not a penance—and brings fuller appreciation as well as surer insight, but never quite the first fine rapture. In the present instance it is the subsequent adventures of John Sherwin, after his great disillusionment, which fall a little flat, although all the strange life of the Australian desert and the gold ranges as well as the primitive and more sophisticated society are fresh material excellently handled; but Mr. Watson suffers from the emotional excellence of the earlier chapters, with the boy's emancipation from his island solitude and the fresh and remarkable love-story on Cray's Cutter. The early John, and the finely drawn Mrs. Cray, with all the delicate reserve of their virginal love-story, against the strange background of primitive life and savage intensity, is all so finely done, and so rounded by the inevitable catastrophe, that the mainland incidents, which complete the boy's development into a rather ordinary type of successful man, can never rise to the same level, and hardly satisfy the high promise of his nonage. Still Mr. Grant Watson is a writer of distinctive power, familiar with strangely interesting places and people; he adds to ethnological insight a true artistic sense and a masculine philosophy of life; so if *The Mainland* lacks some of the focussed completeness of *Shadow and Sunlight,* it is still a strong and notable story.

POETRY.

PERSPECTIVE POEMS. By C. NEVILLE BRAND. John G. Wilson. 3*s.* 6*d.*

MR. BRAND is his own best critic, as to form, when he writes in "War Babies":

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> And their mother was Prose,
> (But she forgot to get married
> Before they were born)."

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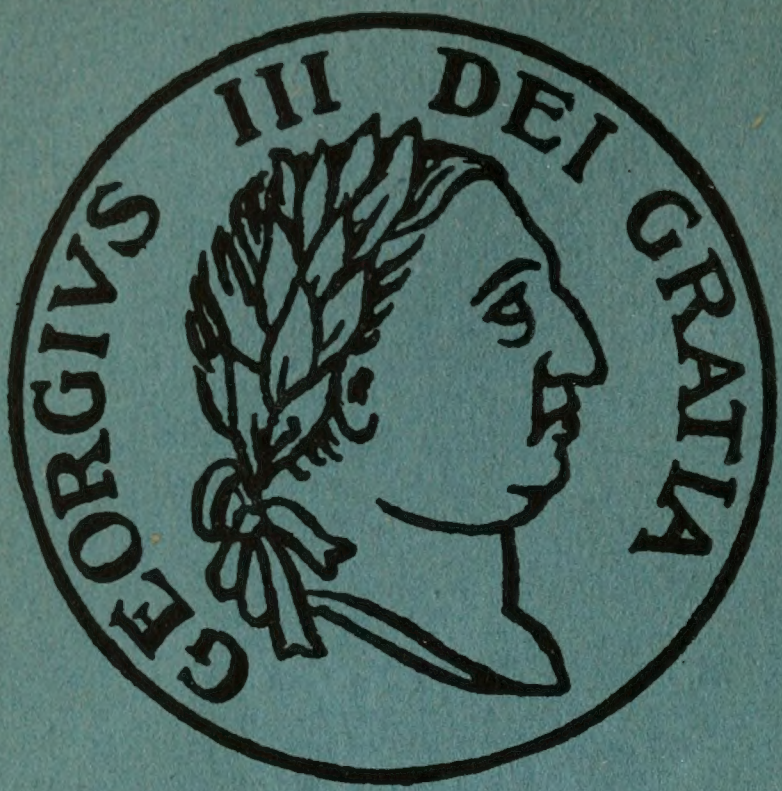

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